

The Massillon Independent.

VOL. XXIV—NO. 29.

MASSILLON, OHIO, JANUARY 7, 1887.

WHOLE NO. 1,224.

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COLE & REINOLD, Attorneys at Law and Notaries Public, office over Marks Bros. store Erie street, Massillon, Ohio.

WILLISON & GARRETT, Attorneys-at-Law, Rooms Nos. 11 and 11 1/2 Opera Block.

ROBERT H. FOLGER, Attorney at Law, U. S. Commissioner, Commissioner of Deeds for New York and Pennsylvania, and Notary Public Office second floor Tremont Block, No. 46 South Erie street, Massillon, O. Will give strict attention to all business entrusted to his care in Stark and the adjoining counties.

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H. C. ROYER, M. D. SURGEON. Office hours: 7 A. M. to 9:30 A. M. 12 M. to 2 P. M. 5 P. M. to 7 P. M.

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GOV. FORAKER'S MESSAGE.

THE VIEWS EXPRESSED BY OHIO'S CHIEF EXECUTIVE.

Annual Message Sent to the Legislature on the Assembling of That Body—The People Congratulated on the Result of the Recent Elections—The Dow Law.

COLUMBUS, O., Jan. 4.—The main points of Governor Foraker's message, submitted to the legislature, are as follows:

"EXECUTIVE CHAMBER, COLUMBUS, O., Jan. 4."

"TO THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY: The recent elections did much to dispel the distrust that has obtained throughout the country during the last two years as to the policy to be pursued by our national government in regard to the protection of American labor and industries. It can now be stated with great confidence that no political party will be allowed, however much it may desire, to break down that wise and patriotic policy to which we are so much indebted for the unexampled prosperity we have enjoyed during the last quarter of a century.

"The assurance thus afforded is already beneficially manifesting itself throughout all our business interests. * * * The question of a free ballot and a fair count was before you in an immediate and a practical way. Men had been returned as elected to both branches of your body who had no shadow of claim to the seats they held, except by virtue of open, notorious and conceded frauds at the polls and in the returns. The Fugley law, which you first enacted and made applicable to the cities of Cincinnati, Cleveland, Columbus and Toledo, gave great satisfaction; but it was not sufficiently complete to fully guard against all danger; and the registration act, applicable to Cincinnati and Cleveland, followed. This statute can not be too highly commended. It has given universal and unqualified satisfaction to all well-meaning citizens of both political parties. It has enabled the people of Cincinnati to have a quiet, decent and honest election.

"While you are considering the subject of elections there is another matter to which you should give attention. There has recently been much discussion in the newspapers of the state concerning the advisability of abolishing April or spring elections. It is difficult, in view of the experience we have had, to assign any satisfactory reason for having two elections annually. It will save time, labor and excitement to have all our elections for each year on the same day. The constitution has been so amended as to admit of a provision to that effect, and it is accordingly recommended that you enact it. It is further recommended that you give due consideration to the suggestion that has been made that if we have all our elections on the same day it should be made a legal holiday. We cannot attach too much importance to the elective franchise.

Referring to the absence of certain senators from the capital last winter, he says: "You should enact a law providing that any state official who abandons his post of duty and goes beyond the state to avoid being compelled to perform it, shall be deemed guilty of an offense of sufficient gravity to make him subject to extradition upon the requisition of the governor."

On the question of labor the message says: "Important recommendations are made in the reports of the chief inspector of workshops and factories, the inspector of mines, and the commissioner of the bureau of labor statistics with respect to the laws governing their several departments. It is deemed unnecessary to review them here in detail. You will have them before you, and it is recommended that you adopt and enact into law such suggestions contained in them as may be calculated to in a legitimate way ameliorate and advance the condition of the laboring classes of the state. It is with great gratification that you are reminded that, while they have had riots and bloodshed in other states, we have been spared all serious labor trouble. This is due to the good sense and patriotic desire of our people to observe and uphold the law and mutually respect the rights of others."

On the subject of benevolent institutions the governor says: "The benevolent institutions are in a very satisfactory condition. It has been found necessary to make but few changes of management during the year. The several reports of the trustees and various officials of these institutions are submitted herewith. They are so complete as to make it unnecessary to do more than refer you to them for any information that may be desired."

On the same subject the governor says the benevolent institutions should be kept out of politics. He says a careful study of this matter has resulted in the following conclusions:

"The benevolent institutions ought to be independent of political changes in state government.

"They have no relation to political issues or differences, and may, therefore, with propriety be made so.

"Minority representation in mixed boards does not accomplish this purpose. The majority will manifest their power and always exercise it for the benefits of their party, and when bad results are obtained they will hide behind the minority, who will plead want of responsibility.

"The best system is non-partisan control, in which neither party will have a majority, but both will have equal representation and equal responsibility.

"This control should not be by independent boards, but by one board of four or six members, to govern all the institutions of the state.

"The governor should appoint all the superintendents of these institutions, subject to approval by the board; and the superintendent of each institution should, by the same approval, appoint all the subordinate officers. The appointing power should also have the power of removal, subject to the approval of the board.

"The governor should be ex-officio a member with power to give a casting vote in all cases of equal division.

"This plan would fix responsibility. It would secure an equal representation of both parties. No governor or superintendent could, if he desired, favor his own party in appointments to be made, since all must be confirmed by a majority, hence, necessarily, by the vote of his political opponents as well as by the vote of his friends. It would secure more aid from the trustees than is now afforded to the superintendents in the management."

Discussing the convict labor question he says: "The managers and the warden, in their reports, discuss the question of how convict labor should be utilized. Their discussion is based on their experience and the practical results of the different systems. On this account what they have to say is entitled to more than casual consideration. Nevertheless, there are some advantages of the piece price plan which they have not

mentioned, among them the right each prisoner has of doing overwork for his own benefit. If not allowed to squander his earnings but permitted to have them passed to his credit to be paid him when discharged, they will be a help to him at that time, as well as a source of encouragement to good conduct while in confinement. While, therefore, not so profitable mode of experiment, yet it is one that should be continued, at least until it has had a full and fair trial, on the principle that there is more than mere dollars and cents involved in the utilization of convict labor."

The state's finances are thus summed up: "The financial condition of the state still needs attention. In a special message sent you last April it was pointed out to you that to pay the unexpended balances of the unusually large appropriations of your immediate predecessors, and to reimburse the drafts made by the last administration upon the revenues of this year to pay the expenses of last year, amounting in the aggregate to the enormous sum of \$850,000, it had been made necessary to borrow the entire amount of \$750,000 allowed by the constitution to meet casual deficiencies. In view of the fact that the expenses of our state government must necessarily continue to increase, and the further fact that our tax-duplicate was not correspondingly increasing, it was also recommended that you enact a law to tax the liquor traffic and give to the general revenue fund of the state 2 1/2 per cent. of the income arising therefrom. You enacted the law taxing the liquor traffic, but deemed it your duty to give the full benefits thereof to the relief of local taxation, and because of the absence from the state of certain of the senators, and the consequent distrust of capitalists of the bonds of the state, issued under such circumstances, you authorized the borrowing of but \$500,000, that being in your judgment sufficient, as it has proven to meet the public demands until our certificates of indebtedness could be put upon the market without any kind of discredit.

"The consequence is that it has become necessary to anticipate the revenues of next year to provide funds to meet the obligations of this, though to a much smaller extent than was done last year. The state auditor's report will advise you that the total receipts from all sources for the general revenue fund for the next year will amount to about \$2,800,000. The probabilities are that on the 15th day of next February we shall have anticipated this to the amount of about \$300,000, and that at that time there will remain to be paid unexpended balances of the appropriations of this year about \$500,000. In other words, the net revenues available for next year will not exceed \$2,300,000. To the extent your appropriations exceed this sum it will be necessary to again anticipate next December the revenues of the following year, less unexpended balances.

"Should your appropriations amount to about \$2,000,000, the sum appropriated for this year, and the unexpended balances be \$300,000, the amount they are estimated to be at the end of this year, the amount you would have to anticipate would be \$500,000. It is difficult to see how you can appropriate less than you did last year.

"Unless some provision is made, heretofore, to increase the revenues, the deficiency will be larger at the end of the year than should be anticipated from the taxes of next year. In fact, to use a common but expressive expression, we should 'catch up' and thus avoid altogether the crippling system of robbing the future to pay for the present. Without increasing our sources of revenue (of which something will be said hereafter) there are only three ways thought of in which this may be done.

"One is to increase the rate of taxation, another is to borrow, and the third is to give the state a portion of the liquor traffic tax. The first method should not be adopted, except as a last necessity; the second could only partially give relief, since no more than \$250,000 could be borrowed on such account, the constitutional provision for casual deficiency being \$750,000 and \$500,000 having been already borrowed. It would seem best, therefore, to give relief by apportioning the liquor traffic tax.

"Before suggesting a remedy, another fact should be mentioned. The last decennial reapportionment of real estate was had at a period of great prosperity. It was a time of general high values. Since then there has been a heavy decline. Farm property is from 25 to 30 per cent. cheaper to-day than it was then. The consequence is that farming lands of the state, where they have not been affected by the rapid growth of cities or other developments, are now taxed on the average more nearly at their full value in money than any other class of property.

"In fact, the farm lands of some of the counties are taxed at even more than they could be sold for. But while this is true of the farm lands, the reverse is true of the real estate of many of the cities of the state, where there has been great growth and development, as in some portions of Cincinnati and Cleveland, Toledo, Columbus and many other cities that might be named, and the valuations placed upon the real estate in these cities in 1880 are less than 50 per cent. of their present true value in money, and in some cases it will not exceed 25 per cent. The consciousness of this lack of uniformity, and the consequent injustice that must result to all who are fairly taxed, has had much to do in producing the unsatisfactory results that have been experienced. It is thought that congress will so amend section 5219 of the revised statutes of the United States as to allow bank shares to be taxed as heretofore without deduction. If so that will afford a remedy against that part of the recent decision."

Referring to the Dow law the governor says: "The statute enacted by you at your last session, providing for the taxation and regulation of the liquor traffic, commonly known as the Dow law, has not been generally enforced pending a decision by the supreme court to its constitutionality. The court has now, however, upheld the law, and notwithstanding the ill-advised efforts that are being made to overthrow it in the United States courts, it will, no doubt, be fully enforced here throughout the state. It has been already recommended that this act be so amended as to give the state 2 1/2 per cent. of the tax arising from this source.

"The law has been construed to authorize sales by manufacturers, and their agents in quantities not less than a gallon in municipal corporations where, under the provisions of Section 11 of the act, they have prohibited sale, beer and porter houses or other places where intoxicating liquors are sold. This is an aggravation of the evil that the provision was intended to cure. It should be amended so as to prohibit this practice. It is believed that the law will when so changed give more satisfactory results to the people of the state than any measure relating to the liquor traffic that has ever been enacted in Ohio.

"It is at this time due to the liquor traffic that the state is afflicted with pneumonia. On the subject of pneumonia the following is the report of the important features: "It is remembered that Ohio,

notwithstanding her great manufacturing and commercial interests, is nevertheless, in every sense of the word, a great agricultural state. The dreaded disease of pneumonia has been guarded against by the commission with great vigilance and efficiency. But it is evident that we can not have the complete protection from it which we should have until the national government takes hold of the matter in an earnest and practical way."

The message closes by alluding to the fact that the state has loaned 150 tents to the Charleston earthquake sufferers, and also refers to the annual reports of some of the other state departments.

OHIO LEGISLATURE.

The Sixty-Seventh General Assembly Convened in Columbus.

COLUMBUS, O., Jan. 5.—At 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon the Sixty-seventh general assembly convened, Speaker Entekin calling the house to order, and Lieutenant Governor Kennedy performing that duty in the senate. Both houses adjourned almost at once, without transacting any business. At the afternoon caucus the senate definitely decided that all the clerks except Vallandigham should go, but could not at that time conclude upon a slate. They had another caucus last night at 7:30. Some of the senators favored re-nominating the old slate, that is, the nominees of the first session, but many others wanted to put their foot through that combination, and they did.

After a long tussle and many ballots the caucus fixed up the following slate to be presented to the senate: For chief clerk, C. L. Vallandigham; for journal clerk, Eugene Shinn, of Montgomery county; for message clerk, C. W. Marshall, of Pike county; for engrossing clerk, Mrs. Belle Hanford, of Ashland county; for enrolling clerk, W. H. Boney, of Franklin county; for recording clerk, Miss Mary Harlin, of Meigs county; for sergeant-at-arms, Dayton W. Glenn, of Cuyahoga county; first assistant, Arthur E. Silcott, of Fayette county; second assistant, Evan Evans, of the fourth ward of Cincinnati; third assistant, Albert Hawey, of Ashland county.

The Republicans of the house caucused last night, and decided to present Thomas Martin, of Union county, for first assistant sergeant-at-arms, and H. C. Robey, of Fairfield, for second assistant. The Democratic members also caucused, and will nominate for the same positions Messrs. Elmer Jacob, of Brown county, and Sherman Mott, of Paulding.

FORTY-NINTH CONGRESS.

Fifteenth Day.

In the senate Mr. Callahan, of Illinois, announced the death of his colleague, Senator Logan, and on his motion an adjournment was taken, as a mark of respect to the memory of the deceased.

In the house the resignation of Mr. Hewitt, of New York, was announced. Mr. Thomas, of Illinois, offered suitable resolutions on the death of Senator Logan, which were adopted, and at 12:45 p. m. the house adjourned.

THE EARTH STILL QUAKING.

An Earthquake Shock Felt All Along the Atlantic Coast.

CHARLESTON, S. C., Jan. 5.—Quite a shock of earthquake was felt here at ten minutes before 7 yesterday morning. The vibrations were from east to west, and were very perceptible for fifteen or twenty seconds, and caused a general rattling of windows and cracking of walls. The shock was also felt at Summerville, Orangeburg, Columbia, Augusta and Savannah. The weather is calm clear and unusually cold. The thermometer registered sixteen degrees above zero at the time of the shock.

There was no alarm over the earthquake terrors. The public felt annoyed at the recurrence after so long a period of calm, but no serious apprehensions are entertained. The damage to a residence reported this morning is not as great as at first reported. From Midway, Oakley's and Ellerton advices say the shock was felt, accompanied by the usual roaring sound.

In Maryland and Pennsylvania.

WESTMINSTER, Md., Jan. 5.—About 1 o'clock in the morning three separate and distinct shocks of earthquake were again felt as on the previous morning. Reports are coming in from all points north of Westminster and Adams county, Pennsylvania, that the quake was also felt at those points. At Gettysburg many persons felt the swaying of their houses, and at Hunters-town the same thing was experienced. Four panes of glass in the store of J. F. Brinkerhoff, at Hunters-town, were shattered.

At Blackville, South Carolina.

BLACKVILLE, S. C., Jan. 5.—A distinct shock of earthquake was felt here at 6:45 in the morning.

At Sumter, South Carolina.

SUMTER, S. C., Jan. 5.—An earthquake shock was felt here at 6:30 a. m.

FATAL ACCIDENT.

A Bobbed Containing Twenty People Struck by an Express Train.

FORT WAYNE, Ind., Jan. 3.—A large bobbed containing eleven gentlemen and nine ladies, who were en route to the Heine residence, three miles southeast of this city, to attend a dance, was struck by the east-bound fast train on the Pittsburgh, Fort Wayne & Chicago railway, while the sled was crossing the track Saturday evening, killing two and injuring seven ladies. The gentlemen all escaped, several jumping from the sled. The scene just after the accident beggars description. The groans and cries from the wounded were heartrending. The following is a list of the killed and injured:

Killed—Miss Lizzie Lepper, aged twenty-three; Miss Fint Munker, aged seventeen. Injured—Miss Lotta Bix, leg broken; Miss Lizzie Kanning, rib broken; Miss Lena Haight, arm broken; Miss Emma Shuler, leg broken; Miss Gusta Hoina, back sprained; Miss Lizzie Wake and Miss Belle Bishop sustained slight injuries.

Fatal Explosion of a Boiler at Akron.

CLEVELAND, O., Jan. 3.—At 10:30 o'clock in the morning two boilers in the engine room at a repair works of J. P. Seiberling & Co., at Akron, O., exploded with terrific force. Two two-story brick boiler house was completely demolished. Several men were buried in the ruins, which took fire, and it was with difficulty that they were rescued. The following is a list of the injured: Will Brown, aged seventeen, crushed so badly that he died in a half an hour. William Zander, a single man, badly cut in the head. Joseph Weaver, married, fatally hurt by falling timbers. J. E. Narman, colored, hurt by falling timbers. Cortland Duit, arm broken and head cut. The loss is estimated at \$15,000. The cause of the explosion is unknown.

FATAL RAILROAD WRECK.

NINETEEN PASSENGERS CRUSHED OR BURNED TO DEATH.

Thirty Others Injured, Many of Them Fatally—A Baltimore & Ohio Freight and Express Train Collided—Another Collision on the Boston & Albany Road.

TIFFIN, O., Jan. 5.—An eastbound freight drawn by engine No. 720, while running on an up grade, nine miles east of here, and within a half mile of the village of Republic, gave out and was unable to make the grade. The conductor went forward with a signal to flag fast train No. 5, but it was too late, the train was less than a quarter of a mile distant, running at the rate of sixty-three miles an hour, and it crashed into the freight, wrecking both engines, and the baggage, an express, smoking and one passenger car of the passenger train.

Within an almost incredible short space of time the wreck was in flames and the injured passengers were being burned. The passengers in the two sleepers and rear coach escaped, numbering about fifty. Nineteen passengers in the smoker are all killed. One Irish emigrant alone escaped from the smoker, but afterwards died of his wounds. He did not give his name. The engineer of the passenger jumped and escaped with a dislocated knee. The fireman was pinned between two beams, crushing his hip. He lived three hours in that position and then died.

C. P. Bradley, of Washington, D. C., a prominent Knight of Labor, on his way west to lecture, was held by the feet in the car, his body protruding from the window, it was impossible to extricate him, and he burned to death by inches. He gave his watch and papers to the safe keeping of others.

Mr. Smith, of Benwood, was in the car next to the smoker, and was unhurt. He says the shock was not a very great one. He was thrown from his seat and thought the train had left the track. Nobody was very seriously hurt beyond severe bruises, cuts and burns.

Baggage Master W. F. Gates, of Newark, was the only man in his car, and he was hurt in both legs, being badly cut by splinters, and had an iron rod run through one leg. Pierce, the express messenger, was burned to a crisp in his car.

Joseph Postelthwaite, aged fifty-seven years, and his two sons, Spencer and Henry, aged eighteen and eleven years, respectively, of Marlinsburg, W. Va., were burned to death in the smoker. They were on their way to Chillicothe, Mo., to make that place their home. Mrs. Postelthwaite and three younger children were in another part of the train, and were uninjured. They are left destitute, as the proceeds of the sale of their household goods in Marlinsburg, some \$1,400, was in Mr. Postelthwaite's pocket, and was burned with him.

M. H. Parks, whose address he did not give, was found wedged in the wreck, and burned to death after handing his money and letters to one of the railroad employes. His body was entirely consumed, as were also those of several others whose names are not known, and perhaps never will be.

In the undertaking establishment of the little village, charred and blackened beyond semblance to humanity, lie the disfigured remains of nine of the victims burned dry and without perceptible odor. The sight was a horrible one, and there was no resemblance to human bodies in the remains. At least ten more are supposed to have perished and been entirely burned up. There is nothing about the bodies which can help to identify them. Some of them could be recognized by Postelthwaite and his two sons, who were found in a position which established their identity.

Physicians were summoned from this city and from Republic, and rendered efficient aid to the wounded. About a dozen persons were wounded in addition to those mentioned above, and have not been identified.

Prominent railway officials were present, and investigating the matter. It is impossible now to tell who was to blame, but it is learned that the engineer, fireman, and the whole crew of the freight train were drunk and neglectful of their duty. The coroner of the county will make a full investigation. The wounded were all hustled out of the county as quickly as possible by the railway officials.

Though only nine bodies have been recovered from the burning wreck, there must have been many more killed, as the tally of those who escaped and those wounded is far short of the number of persons known to have been on the train. Several watches found in the ruins may serve to identify some of the victims. One of the watches is open face, three hands, jewel mounted, Springfield movement, case number 632,000 marked L. W. & Co. on barrel bridge.

Conductor Fletcher, of the freight train, corroborates the statement that Engineer Kyler of his train was drunk. Engineer Kyler is now at Chicago Junction.

An old gentleman named Ferguson, of Bloomdale, is believed to be among the killed.

The following is a complete list of the killed and wounded, as far as it is possible to obtain them:

Killed—Joseph Postelthwaite, Bolton, Wenzel county, W. Va., and his two sons, Spencer and Henry Postelthwaite. W. Scott Pierce, express messenger, Nowiung, W. Va. Frank Irwin, fireman, Black Hand, O. J. M. Francis, black hand, O. William Fredericks, fireman, Washington, D. C. M. H. Parks, officer of Knights of Labor, Washington, D. C.

There are nine distinct bodies that are burned to a crisp and a mass of charred remains, including pieces of skull and bones. How many persons this represents never will be known. The railroad officials claim there were but ten persons killed, six of whom were passengers, and the other four employees.

John Teehill, an Irishman, who resides at San Francisco, and has a brother-in-law who owns a large liquor store on Pacific avenue, of that city, was on his way home from a visit to County Dure, Ireland. He was wedged in the wreck, but succeeded in releasing himself, and fell head foremost out of the window into a ditch. His head and hands were terribly burned, his collar bone broken, and he was killed all over. He was taken to Chicago Junction, where he is now coughing, and blood flowing from his mouth, and is not expected to live.

Baggage Master John Gates was shoved the length of the car over the seats by the baggage car, and was landed in the rear of the smoker. His ankles were injured, eyes burned out, arm burned, but not seriously, he being able to extricate himself without assistance. He was taken to his home at Newark. Engineer Hiller is said to have skipped the country.



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Three Months, .30
Contributions on subjects of general and local interest are solicited and the use of the columns of this paper to advertise proper matters is urged. Advertising rates will be furnished upon application.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 7, 1887.

The current of popular feeling seems to be very decidedly in favor of a public library.

The miners of the Mahoning valley are disgusted with President McBridge, for the reason that he had not the courage to stay and see their controversy with the operators settled.

The people of this city will not object to any one bringing natural gas to this city, if anyone wishes to do so. But our own gas, from our own wells, and owned by our own people is preferable if we can get it. The trial is worth making.

In the annual report just submitted to the Governor, Henry Apthorp, Commissioner of Railroads says that he will urge favorable legislation in the proposition that "the power now held by municipal corporations to compel railroad companies to light street crossings shall be withdrawn." So far as Massillon is concerned that power might just as well be withdrawn.

The city council will meet next Wednesday night for the first time in four weeks. These long adjournments make routine business consume the evening when that body does meet, and the discussion of serious matters is impossible. With the waterworks soon to be completed, the streets to be repaired, and the low law tax to be disposed of, there is surely something to do besides paying salaries.

The plain, every-day American sled and a solid and steep Ohio hill is a combination good enough for any boy, without importing the Canadian toboggan and an artificial slide. In Canada, where the winter lasts for months, and a thick crust forms on the snow, a sled would break through, and consequently the toboggan is used. But in Ohio the thick crust never forms, and it is self-evident that two runners will go down a snow-packed hill faster than a flat board.

The sensitive Senator O'Neill, once president *pro tempore* of the State Senate, by virtue of the votes of the four Hamilton county friends, who had the audacity to appear at one time, announced from the Kentucky shore that his feelings had been crushed by the selection of another, Senator Conrad, as president, and that he would never return to the Capitol. But notwithstanding the Senator's statement, a glance at the names of those present when the General Assembly met on Tuesday, shows that the brave O'Neill is again at the post of duty.

A suit has been instituted in the Supreme Court of Ohio against the Cincinnati, Washington & Baltimore railroad, alleging discrimination in favor of the Standard Oil Company. It is the old story retold. George Rice, a man with plenty of capital to carry on the business, is refused tank cars, and charged exorbitant rates for the carrying of barrel packages, while the Standard Oil Company is supplied with all the cars it needs of the proper kind, and is given a rate far below what is charged other producers. It remains to be seen whether or not the Supreme Court will permit the Standard Oil Company to dictate to its competitors what freight rate to pay.

Joseph Medill was a Massillon boy, brought up in our midst, and honored by many friends who believe him not only to be an able but a true man. By hard work, and without capital, he has become the head and front of one of the greatest of the great western newspapers, the Chicago Tribune. To elect him to fill the office of the late Senator Logan would be a credit to the State of Illinois, and if relative ability governs the cautious Illinois will do it. Joseph Medill is a man

peculiarly fitted to succeed to Logan in every respect. Massillon is proud of him, and is glad to say that here the talents and instincts which have made him a conspicuous figure were conceived and developed.

In the news columns will be found an article devoted to the Massillon police force and its merits. It is not argued that it is a perfect organization, but it is certainly a good one, well equipped and very decidedly better than that of any town of twelve thousand in Ohio. The terms of the five officers to be nominated by the mayor, and confirmed by the council expire soon, and the present incumbents ought to be reappointed. They work well together, and to remove one and put in a new man or two will weaken a body which time and experience has rendered efficient. The mayor has promised to do his part by nominating the present men, and the council will do well to confirm each one. The sentiment of the people generally will sustain such action, when they understand the whole situation.

Communications upon live topics are always welcome at newspaper offices, but there is almost always one annoying feature about them which ought not to be the rule. The people who, in their language, or even in their letters, are the most careful in the world, and who attribute every typographical error to the ignorance of the author, will, in their articles cut short their sentences, run in a dash between them rather than polish them up, abbreviate everything, and, in fact, violate every requirement of a finished paragraph. If printed as written their feelings would be crushed, but they are willing that some one else should go all over their manuscript and patch up their crooked work. This carelessness is not usually found in letters of any length, but is principally confined to notices, and small matters, not sent in as communications but as items of news.

LET THE CHURCH BELLS RING.

The man who would do away with the ringing of church bells, surely has none of the higher and purer feelings of his kind. He would see the theatres open, the store shutters down, and Sunday turned into a day of carnival. The are a thousand noises more disagreeable, the discontinuance of which could work far greater results than the destruction of the church bells. The community, except that part of it which goes to church, is not very seriously disturbed by the mellow tones of the church bell. It is the experience of hotels and uneasy fathers, that the degenerate and dissipated of our race who sleep until the noon hour, are rarely disturbed by thumpings and poundings of a serious nature, and how much less are they liable to have their slumber disturbed by the innocent ringing of a bell. No, it cannot be that this innovation is desired because it is a crying need; it cannot be that those outside the threshold of the church are so intolerant as to demand it, and therefore it must be that this agitation comes only from those who try for a change, only for a change's sake. It may be that the day of usefulness of this custom has gone by, and it may be that it is only sentiment. Well, let them call it sentiment; but it is only what we need. There is too much of the real and the practical in this life, and if we can have something to lift us out of ourselves we should be thankful and rejoice for it.

Bell Upon Bell.

Robert Bell, Assistant Mine Inspector does not beat about the bush in announcing himself as a candidate for re-appointment. He says his term expires on May 1, 1887. He thinks he has given entire satisfaction both to miners and operators, and that the enthusiastic voice of four out of the five thousand voices of the miners of this district will demand his re-appointment. He confesses that the sentiment at Chapman is not in his favor, and the inferred explanation is known. "A prophet is not without honor in his own country." This seems to be peculiarly true in Mr. Bell's case. The announcement that he is a candidate is not considered a "scoop" by the Independent.

Curious advertisers will be fully satisfied concerning the circulation of this paper. Its circulation has been steadily increasing, and its advertising patronage becoming more profitable. There are no premiums or combination offers open, but as a newspaper, furnishing all the news and much other matter of a valuable nature, all being from original sources, the people are giving it general support. Now is the time to subscribe. Fifty more papers were printed last week than ever before.

SCHOOL REPORT

For the Term Ending Dec. 24, 1886.

The following report shows the enrollment, attendance, etc., of pupils in the Massillon union school for the term ending Dec. 24th, 1886.

Entire enrollment 1540
Average number belonging 1365
Average daily attendance 1265
Percent of attendance 93
Number present every half day 257
Number punctual every half day 245
Number of cases of tardiness 356
Number of pupils in German 90

The enrollment was distributed among the several departments as follows: High School, 85; Grammar grades, 339; Secondary, 332; Primary, 784.

Number of teachers, including the teacher of German and the superintendent, 30.

Of the 356 cases of tardiness, 35 were in the High School, 17 in the Grammar grades, 55 in the Secondary and 249 in Primary grades.

The following pupils were present and punctual every half day: High School—Edith Alden, Jessie McIsaac, Carrie Millard, Anna Smith, Carrie Brenneamp, Flora Petzer, Laura Laviers, Ella Wagner, Hattie Alexander, Dora Buehl, Clara Burton, Mary Ellis, Carrie Gise, Lillian Hamill, Margetta Hardgrove, Nellie Kaley, Charles Crone, Charles Gise, Theodore Focke, Edwin Bayliss, Joseph Elsass, William Hemperly, Edwin Lee, William Lipps, David McConney, Orlando Volkmore, Willard Bayliss, Leroy Creighton, Charles Ertle, Rush Miller, Theodore Kicks, Harry Snyder.

Grammar—Mamie Lyon, Ruth Dangler, Nellie Walker, Nellie Williams, Charles Limback, Frank Smith, Edward Roseman, Harry Pocock, Charles Mong, Francis Leans, John Jacoby, George Boerngen, Jerome Shepley, Gustavus Focke, George Swan, Melville Everhard, Elmer Volkmore, Vernon Panoast, Lillian Bayliss, Ida Toyer, Walter Allman, Richard Crawford, Albert Crone, Albert Shaidnagle, Louisa Gleitsman, Nellie Shearer, Ella Yost, Millie List, Della Ryder, Harry West, Frank Gise, William McCollum, Harry Diehlman, John Crawford, Elmer Gleitsman, Frank Boerngen, Prescott Burton, Louisa Kister, And Strobel, Mattie Hankins, Emma Redman, Lizzie Biddle, Carrie Crooks, Edith Humberger, Valora Hankins, Godfrey Jensen, Lee Graybill, Mary Reay, Milo Allen, George Herring, John Mausz, Edwin Mausz, Frank Wendling, Kate Ellis, Stella Hartman, Anna Meek, Lizzie Overton, Jennie Reay, Sophia Herrar, Jennie James, Flora Jorrey, Frankie Clay, Minnie Corey.

Secondary—Alfred Hankins, Esmond Hankins, Harry Loew, Harry Haring, George Lyon, Harvey Miller, Milton Porter, Otto Snyder, Charles Stevens, Olive Blocker, Sophia Crookston, Ella Jones, Mamie Strong, Robert Gise, Charles Stelling, Edward White, Anna Hess, Mary Rink, Helen Smith, Peter Bochecker, Charles Capion, Lyndon Garigues, Edward Hansenstein, Bessie Allman, Tyron Myers, Frank Webb, Charles Nill, Walter Snyder, Lillie Lutz, Clara Miller, Edith Pille, Jennie Stadden, Walter Strobel, Charles Grissold, Florence Ralston, Clara Morris, Victoria Alden, Lizzie Austin, Alice Bromfield, Mamie Getz, Ella Wetter, John Goebler, Charles Corey, James Corey, Joseph Jacobs, Joseph Jones, Clarence Strobel, John Tipping, Matilda Berrar, Ida Filberth, Emma Henderson, Minnie Hapoldt, Lizzie Reed, Lydia Sonnenwald, Rose Borden, Melina Feicht, Jennie Mettallum, Anna Strobel, Irene Seeley, Wilbur Falor, Charles Len, George Pilg, Frank Rutter, Perlee Suively.

Primary—Edith Geis, Dora Hess, Ida White, Lillie Wagner, Albert Boerngen, Mary Shearer, Lyndon Howard, Charles Rink, Norman Snyder, Fred Justus, Olive Snyder, Clarence Snyder, Walter Grosswiller, Jessie Ritchfield, Edward Geis, Jacob Stork, Willie Mayer, Lillie White, Florence Dangler, Harry Foltz, George Giltz, Clarence Hinderer, Charles Klotz, Orta List, Albert Loew, Arthur Sailer, Harry Yost, Grace Dobson, Mary Haring, Daisy Keller, Hattie Lutz, Grace Shoemaker, Zoe Wiseman, Henry James, George Moon, Charles Moore, Louis Corey, Frank Kuhn, Harry Strobel, Philip Baldauf, Daisy Ralston, Grace Brown, Minnie Crone, Edith Schacker, Clara Spuhler, Stella Strobel, Harry Griswold, Arvine Mader, Nell McConnell, Arvine Lipps, Lottie Kay, John Crookston, Minnie Felix, Ruth Jones, Edith Reay, Esther Woodford, Harry Limback, Mary Woodford, Clarence Rodenberger, Clara Althoff, Minnie Berg, Laura Yohey, Fred Lieberg, Thomas Poe, William Morris, Frank Leifer, Andrew Krennerick, Willie Yohey, Minnie Porter, Emelia Feicht, Clara Pilg, Lillie Norton, Clay Faylor, Charles Stark, Mont Rutter, George Mong, Royer Faylor, Ernest McCollum, Ida Everett, Emma Rhine.

E. A. JONES, Supt.

Health Bulletin.

Reports to the Ohio State Board of Health from 64 observers, embracing 41 counties, show the following diseases to prevail for the week ending Friday noon, December 31, 1886. Last two columns of figures are for previous week based on report of 54 observers:

FORM OF DISEASE	No. who reported	No. of cases reported	No. who reported	No. of cases reported
(In the order of prevalence.)				
Bronchitis (acute).....	39	173	34	120
Pneumonia.....	32	61	27	30
Measles.....	29	28	19	30
Diphtheria.....	15	28	12	23
Tonsillitis.....	14	28	11	21
Diphtheria.....	12	14	11	14
Pleurisy.....	11	14	11	51
Consumption.....	11	14	11	27
Typhoid fever.....	11	13	7	12
Cholera.....	11	12	6	7
Scarlet fever.....	8	20	5	24
Measles.....	7	16	7	254
Whooping cough.....	2	4	8	37
Erysipelas.....	2	2	2	2
Cerebrospinal meningitis.....	2	2	2	2

Acute bronchitis still prevails. Compared with the previous week pneumonia, bronchitis and croup increased while malarial fevers, diphtheria, pleurisy, consumption and measles decreased in area of prevalence. Thirteen cases of diphtheria and 23 cases of measles in Cleveland. Eight cases of diphtheria in Columbus. Cincinnati not reported.

C. O. PRONCE, Secretary.

This paper may be subscribed for or old subscriptions renewed at J. V. R. Skinner's book store, 10 East Main street.

The Great Closing Out Sale

Continues at Watkins'. Further reductions have been made, as the entire stock of Dry Goods, Notions, Cloaks, Boots & Shoes Must be Sold Regardless of Cost or Value.

Remember this is a bona-fide closing out sale. Every article must be disposed of, and money can be saved by attending this sale.

Cloaks at 50c on the dollar; domestics at less than New York prices; dress goods, silks and velvets below cost; hosiery, underwear, corsets, gloves and notions at a sacrifice; grand bargains in boots and shoes. If you want to save money buy your dry goods, boots and shoes at

A. L. WATKINS & CO.'S,
No. 20 East Main St., Massillon, O.

Initiative Sympathy in Politics.

A clearer illustration is shown by the waxing fervor of an ordinary political campaign. Before conventions meet and candidates are named the feeling of a party is neutral and listless, except with a comparatively few individuals. A while after the dry bones begin to stir. The noise of orators, the moving processions, the boom of guns, all the usual modes of political managers, gradually warm up the masses, until men neglect business to attend the meetings, and shout frantically for their party and candidates, until the election is over, and long sighs of relief indicate the return of sanity.

What is all this but the same tendency, humorously directed, that leads to the initiative crimes of mobs, or the initiative quality of the Millerite or Flagellant? It is identical with the leaping, dancing processions of the middle ages; for, as politicians lead, so their followers dance and leap along; unhappily, not always in as straight a line as their antetypes. Principles are not to be undervalued in politics; the point is, that few appreciate them. Emotion, rather than analytical discernment, is often the moving power.—A. A. Sargent in Overland Monthly.

A Ministry of Health.

The London Lancet contends that there ought to be a department of health in the government of Great Britain, and that a minister of health should have a seat in the cabinet. Public medicine is preventive, and as such it can only be effective when it forms an integral part of state policy. Surely, health is not secondary to wealth; and if trade needs to be specially controlled in the interests of the state, health promotion has a not less urgent claim to be considered a constituent part of policy. The question has been reopened, and is being agitated by Mr. Hamer, a practical worker in the field of health promotion. There are urgent matters of sanitary enterprise which call loudly for help from the government, and which it is not only inexpedient but a cause of weakness to neglect. The prime minister who shall perceive the need and take measures to satisfy it will deserve well of his generation and serve his country.—Scientific American.

Words of a Sympathetic Student.

The Buffalo Courier doesn't think medical students intend to become hardened, but submits these few remarks on one of them to show that they do: "Say, can you get me in to witness the hanging of the murderer they arrested yesterday? I must be there. I don't care anything about the show, but I must see how a man works when he's strangled. I've been on the head for two months and I've got to put in more time yet. Head's a big study, d'you know it? Heads are mighty scarce up at our college. They put five men on a stiff, and we have to flip cents to see who gets the head. Next head I get I'm going to take home with me. I had one while ago, and some 'bloke' collared it. I think we had Otto's body up there, but I never got a chance to see for sure. I know a day or two after the hanging we had a brand new one."—Exchange.

A Christmas Greeting.

The unique individual, Chance R. Locke, "O'Rex Trampo," whose effusions from behind the bars of the city jail proved so interesting last summer, sends the following characteristic communication:

ALFORD v. December 21, 1886.
I greet thee from afar,
With tokens of benevolence:
May thy Xmas and New Year
Find thee free from all affliction.
"Neph the mistletoe and ivy
May thy merry laughter peal,
Cares forgot midst the merry
Sounds of thy Xmas bell.
Your once friend Waif,
CHANCE R. LOCKE.
Better known as O'REX TRAMPO, T. P.

There is more catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh a constitutional disease, and therefore requires a constitutional treatment.

Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure now on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Z. T. Baltzy, Agent.

Elegant stock of silk mufflers, handkerchiefs at A. L. Watkins.

W. D. Howells proposes to purchase a residence in Washington.

Beware of Scrofula

Scrofula is probably more general than any other disease. It is insidious in character, and manifests itself in running sores, pustular eruptions, boils, swellings, enlarged joints, abscesses, sore eyes, etc. Hood's Sarsaparilla expels all trace of scrofula from the blood, leaving it pure, enriched, and healthy.

"I was severely afflicted with scrofula, and over a year had two running sores on my neck. Took five bottles Hood's Sarsaparilla, and am cured." C. E. LOVEJOY, Lowell, Mass.

C. A. Arnold, Arnold, Me., had scrofulous sores for seven years, spring and fall. Hood's Sarsaparilla cured him.

Salt Rheum

Is one of the most disagreeable diseases caused by impure blood. It is readily cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great blood purifier.

William Spies, Elyria, O., suffered greatly from erysipelas and salt rheum, caused by handling tobacco. At times his hands would crack open and bleed. He tried various preparations without aid; finally took Hood's Sarsaparilla, and now says: "I am entirely well." "My son had salt rheum on his hands and on the calves of his legs. He took Hood's Sarsaparilla and is entirely cured." J. B. Stanton, Mt. Vernon, Ohio.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Made only by C. L. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

\$20.00

Buy a Cheviot Suit, blue or black, fast colors.

\$20.00

Buy a good Chinchilla Overcoat, at

J. C. LOWE'S
Second Floor,
OPERA BLOCK.

HARDWARE !

S. A. Conrad & Co.
MAIN STREET, MASSILLON, OHIO.

dealers in Foreign and Domestic

HARDWARE

Consisting of a fine selection of
COACH TRIMMINGS,

SADDLERY,

CUTLERY

with a large stock of

Scythes, Forks, Hay-Hooks,
Paints, Glass, Etc.,

R. A. PINN,**Real Estate Dealer**

—AND—

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

No. 24 East Main Street,
MASSILLON, OHIO

House and lot on Akron street, one lot north of State street.
Good farm, 101 acres, well improved, on Canton road.

Three new dwelling houses and one vacant lot on West Tremont street.
The Newwater house on South East street.
A large lot fronting on West Main street.
Kent Jarvis' Second Addition, below Russell & Oak's house.
W. 1/2 of lots No. 32, 33 and 34 on Chester street.
Lot No. 6 on Erie street.
E. 1/2 of lots No. 25, 26 and 27 Edwin street.
Lots No. 55, 56, 57 and 58, Edwin street.
W. 1/2 of lots No. 47 and 48 Dwight street.
One cheap dwelling house in Taylor Clay's addition to Massillon, North of Cherry street.

John Baker Thompson,
Caterer, Baker,

—AND—

Confectioner,

Oysters are received every day and are served in every style in the Dining Rooms attached to the store.

Ice Cream, Sherbet and Cake furnished to parties, and personal supervision given.

Sole agent for the sale of the celebrated Fleischman's Compressed Yeast.

42 E. Main Street,
MASSILLON, OHIO.

Wall Paper !

You can always find a complete assortment of

Wall Paper and
Fine Decorations,

Window Curtains,
Shade Rollers, Cornices,

Poles and Room
Mouldings. Also

LARGE STOCK OF

PAINTS, OILS VARNISH,**Mixed Paint Ready for Use.**

House and Sign Painting, Paper Hanging and decorating done promptly, in town or country.

J. M. Walker,

No. 6 North Erie St.,
MASSILLON, OHIO.

Real Estate !

James R. Dunn,

—Administrator of the—

Estate of Kent Jarvis,

—AND—

Dealer in Real Estate.

Offers for sale a large list of city property, etc., consisting of

Fine Business Property,
Well Located Residence Property,

And Nearly 200 Splendid Building Lots.

All for sale on the most Reasonable Terms

Will Build Houses

for purchasers of lots when desired, giving long time for back payments. Remember these lots are scattered all over the city.

JOHN PAUL & CO.,

—DEALERS IN—

Stone & Coal.

Office in McLain's Building, cor. Main and Erie streets.

Yard on Tremont Street,

Opposite Kitchen's Mill.

FLAGGING

and all kinds of Saved Stone on hand and yard.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS.

Discovered this Week by Independent Investigators.

Russell & Company's election was held on Monday. No changes in the directory were made.

M. A. Schweeters has commenced the manufacture of several excellent proprietary medicines.

George Young, a Wheeling & Lake Erie brakeman, was killed by a train on last Friday at Fremont.

There are but two coal mines in this district of Ohio in which dangerous gases have to be controlled.

The public is more than satisfied with the Wheeling & Lake Erie arrangements for getting to Akron and return.

A series of meetings is in progress at the Christian church. The pastor is assisted by C. J. Tannar, of Granger, O.

Frank H. Kohl, dealer in works of art, made an assignment last week. The assets are \$700 and the liabilities about the same.

The Rev. Hiram Miller, a former pastor of the First Methodist church, will preach in this city until notice to the contrary is given.

Andrew Combs, a conductor on the Wheeling & Lake Erie Railway, had his thumb taken off while coupling cars at the Valley Junction on last Thursday.

The Massillon cemetery ought to be given a name. It should have one euphonious, appropriate and befitting the spot, which each year grows more beautiful.

Mr. John Jacobs was thrown from his sleigh on Monday while driving in the country and had his shoulder dislocated. He suffered a great deal of pain at first, but is now getting along nicely.

The Massillon Wheel Club has opened its new quarters in the Warwick block, and they are so cosy and pretty as to make almost everyone wish to become a member of that progressive organization.

Some poor tramp slipped through the Tremont street railroad bridge on Saturday night, and fell to the street below. No bones were broken, but it is unnecessary to add that he was considerably shaken.

Mrs. Marian Holdridge, formerly of this city, but late of Topeka, Kan., died at her home, and the body was brought to this city for burial. The funeral took place on Monday from the residence of Mrs. Kent Jarvis.

The Episcopal diocese society is announced to be held at the residence of Mrs. Jas. Peacock, Mrs. Focke having been called from the city by the illness of a relative. Everybody's presence is desired, as the annual election will take place.

Mr. Patrick Burke, the veracious Hibernian, has leased some three hundred acres of what he considers valuable coal land to Jerome Zerbe, of Cleveland. The land adjoins that under which the Beaver Run mine is located, and is close to Navarre.

Messrs. Bowman and Uhlendorff are drilling for coal on land southeast of the city. The prospects for success are very good indeed, and should all the anticipations be realized, a new field will be opened which will increase the importance of the Massillon district.

There was magnificent coasting down the middle of Main street hill for a short time Friday morning. The sleds would start in front of the residence of the Hon. J. G. Warwick, and like lightning fly down the hill, never stopping until the canal bridge was reached. A toboggan slide would be a pigmy affair compared with the Main street hill.

At the residence of Mr. H. F. Oehler, on New Year's eve, the anniversary of the battle of Stone River was celebrated by the surviving members of the Thirtieth Ohio and their families. About thirty persons were present, the veterans nearly all having been members of Company A. A good time, such as only the boys of Company A know how to have was enjoyed.

Although there are the best prospects in the world for the success of the public library scheme, there is really nothing of interest to print concerning it. The charter is ready and all that is required is that it be sent to the Secretary of State, who will return a certified copy. Then a meeting of the incorporators will be held to organize and open books for subscriptions to capital stock. This will soon all be done and the members of the soliciting committee will be notified.

There is one thing Massillon boasts of and that is of having the very best livery stables in Ohio. It is the popular thing to ridicule livery horses as miserable hacks, but it will not do in this city as the stock and the carriages are almost invariably finer than the average private outfits. Mr. Charles Young, the liveryman, keeps some of the best animals in Stark county and has recently added a beautiful team of blacks which attract attention wherever seen.

The popular opposition to the Reagan inter-state commerce bill can be understood by glancing over an almost complete list of names attached to a paper addressed to Senator Payne, requesting him to oppose its passage. The protest was circulated only a few hours on last Friday, and the following persons and companies signed it: Russell & Company, Massillon Bridge Company, Jos. Corns & Son, Massillon Hollow Ware Glass

Company, Wetherald & Wells, M. A. Brown & Son, Hess, Snyder & Company, S. Hunt, Elm Run Coal Company, Howells Coal Company, Sippo Coal Company, John Paul Company, Rock Hill Coal Company, John G. Warwick, Beaver Run Coal Company, Sippo Valley Mills, A. J. Humberger & Son, Wm. F. Ricks, S. A. Conrad & Co., and Hookway & Foltz.

Mr. John Allen tells a touching tale of a fair octogenarian and a mulatto, Iona Clemens and Charles Little met, loved, and wished to wed. But Iona's mother decreed that it should not be. Then Charles arranged with a friend, who prepared a feast and invited guests to his Pittsburg home to witness the proposed ceremony. Mrs. Clemens, however, got wind of the scheme and was on hand at the court house when the two applied for a license. Mrs. Clemens had the law on her side, and the license was not granted. The guests wondered, and waited at this Ginevra-like disappearance, and finally dispersed. But Iona and Charles were persistent. They took the first express to Massillon, hurriedly got out a license, and with Mr. John Allen, the voluble barber, as best man, were married on Monday, and are at last happy.

PERSONALITIES.

The Matters that Agitate the Society World.

Mr. E. F. Bahney has returned from Lincoln City, Neb., where he has been for nearly a year.

Mrs. Mary Reynolds, assisted by Misses Mary Hunt and Laura Russell, received calls in Canton on New Year's day.

A series of three dances, to be given at the Hotel Conrad, is proposed and will probably be given between this and Lent.

Mr. C. Delafield on his last visit to this city became quite ill, and was taken to New York on Tuesday by his son, C. E. Delafield.

Miss Lala Willenborg, of Massillon, is visiting at the residence of Mrs. Charlotte Businger, on West Fourth street.—Canton Democrat.

The students of the various schools and colleges have about all deserted the city and are supposed to be deeply engrossed in their regular duties again.

The surprising intelligence has come to this office that Mr. O. W. Thomas, a former editor of this paper, has returned to his old vocation, and is the head and front of a new Prohibition organ published in Lincoln, Neb. The shock when he switched on that track must have been severe, but he is said to be standing it well.

The beautiful Armory in Canton was the scene of a very pleasant dancing party on New Year's eve, given by the Entre Nous Club. The following Massillonians were present: Misses Mame Hunt, Laura Russell, Helen Wales, Ella Allen, Evelyn McCue and Lydia Bayliss, and Messrs. E. L. and Willard Arnold, E. A. and James Peacock, and R. P. Skinner.

A party of festive young people spent New Year's evening at Meyer's Lake. Some Canton people happened to be present and the result was the following in the Canton Repository: "The Massillon Trundle Bed crowd danced and supped at Lake Park Hotel Saturday." In consequence of this appellation bestowed upon youth and beauty, the relations between the aforesaid crowd and the Repository are very severely strained.

A gay party of twenty-three braved the bitter cold weather Monday night and went in sleighs to the Lake Park Hotel. Mr. E. B. Bayliss prepared a magnificent supper, and after the keen appetites of the cold evening, kept in check until 9 o'clock, had been satisfied, the party had a hilarious time and left hoping that the snow would last long enough to do it all over again. Mr. and Mrs. J. H. McLain, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Gates, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Hunt, Mr. and Mrs. M. W. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. McClymonds, Mr. and Mrs. James Peacock, Misses Evelyn and Blanche McCue, Emma Diehlenn, Lydia Bayliss, Laura Russell and Helen Wales, and Messrs. Doran, of New York, E. A. Peacock, Charles Jarvis and Willard Arnold were present.

The Annual Report of the Sexton of the Cemetery.

The following is the annual report of the interments in the Massillon cemetery for the year ending 1886:

FROM WHERE BROUGHT.	
Massillon.....	80
Canton.....	4
Cleveland.....	2
Toledo.....	1
Chicago.....	1
Philadelphia, Pa.....	1
Chicago.....	1
Marshall, Ind.....	1
Jackson Township.....	2

AGES.	
One year of age and under.....	31
Between the ages of 1 and 5 years.....	4
" " " " 5 and 10 years.....	4
" " " " 10 and 20 years.....	3
" " " " 20 and 30 years.....	7
" " " " 30 and 40 years.....	14
" " " " 40 and 50 years.....	10
" " " " 50 and 60 years.....	10
" " " " 60 and 70 years.....	10
" " " " 70 and 80 years.....	13
" " " " 80 and 90 years.....	7
" " " " 90 and 100 yrs.....	1

NUMBER OF INTERMENTS BY MONTHS.	
January, males.....	7
February, males.....	3
March, males.....	6
April, males.....	10
May, males.....	8
June, males.....	3
July, males.....	3
August, males.....	4
September, males.....	6
October, males.....	6
November, males.....	7
December, males.....	9
January, females.....	5
February, females.....	1
March, females.....	8
April, females.....	12
May, females.....	5
June, females.....	3
July, females.....	3
August, females.....	1
September, females.....	5
October, females.....	5
November, females.....	1
December, females.....	3

D. M. McRELLI, Sexton.

Watkins' closing out sale continues.

NATURAL GAS.

ANOTHER WELL IS A CERTAINTY.

That Canton Pipe Line—What Has Been Done in this City.

The project of boring again for natural gas in Massillon which has received considerable attention in these columns within the last few weeks has at last taken tangible shape, and upon the best authority in the world it may be said that there is no doubt but that the well will be drilled.

Mr. David Reed, of the Massillon Glass Company, is at present conducting the correspondence for the manufacturers who are especially interested, and expects soon to receive propositions from expert drillers. The money, he says, is practically raised and the only subjects under discussion are the contract with the driller and the place which ought to be drilled.

In addition to this enterprise which appears to be settled, another has been agitated and was given to the public through Canton correspondence to the press.

This letter states that a company of capitalists has been organized and will at once construct a pipe line from the gas fields of Jefferson county to Massillon, Canton, Akron and Cleveland. The business men of this city feel that this is rather an airy plan which has often been proposed and which will not be carried out. Of course, if natural gas is not found here such a line would be welcomed.

Said one man to the reporter: "Canton seems to be supplying more schemes to the world for the introduction of natural gas in this vicinity than all the towns in Ohio put together. But notwithstanding the yards of matter sent out and published it has remained for Massillon to do all the real work that has been done. Two wells have been sunk here and we are confident we have gas. The experiment is expensive but we are not discouraged and will develop the gas, of whose presence we have had such evidence that cannot be controverted."

OUR POLICE FORCE.

The Work They Have Accomplished and the Reason of Their Success.

The terms of the members of the police force all expire on January 21, except that of Officer Maier, which expires today, and the question as to whether or no they will be their own successors is a matter of some importance. The peace of the city of Massillon is maintained by a police force of four men, under the regularly elected marshal, and two constables, and it is on record that in no city in Ohio equal to this in population or importance, or having anything like the liveliness of this, is it maintained better or at a smaller expense. In the day time the marshal, one policeman, and the two constables make the rounds, and at night the three policemen each take one of three districts and patrol it as completely as possible. It is obvious that with the small force a thorough patrol cannot be made.

Within the last year or two there have been few local criminal events, though many have occurred all around the town, and in the few cases that did occur arrests were made. But these men have not only acted as a preventive to crime in Massillon, but have done much to bring to justice the rogues of other communities. In two years twenty men have been sent to the penitentiary through their instrumentality. To them, assisted by Mr. Charles Krider, is due the exclusive credit of breaking up the worst gang of horse thieves who have ever afflicted this State. In minor affairs they have shown themselves, and ordinarily have kept in check the rough element wherever it has been asserted. The crowds which jostle and annoy persons having business at the railroad stations in the average town have been driven away here, and no loafers dare make these places their haunt. In a word, the police are in control. The reason of all this is that the force is organized. The men seem to have an aptitude for the business, know all the ways that are dark, and use that knowledge. The trouble with most bodies of this kind, especially in small cities, is that there is jealousy between the men, who will keep important information to themselves in the hope of gaining some of the many rewards frequently offered for work in their line. But it is the pride of the city authorities of Massillon that its policemen have lost sight of self and have proved themselves willing and able to work together for the best interests of the city. Each one has some peculiar faculty to render himself useful, making the combination strong and efficient. This is not effluent praise, but is a statement of facts which those who know what is done know to be true. The men, of course, have many enemies, but they are to be expected. Many persons think they have cause to criticize their *morale*, or some of their actions, and in some cases they may be right. But before passing judgment these critics should remember that to deal successfully with the low and wicked, men must be employed not only with courage to remedy evil, but with a knowledge of the manners and customs of the class who have most to fear. And they should also bear in mind that in large cities, like Cleveland, New York, or Cincinnati, there are ten and more men to do the work that here devolves upon one.

MASSILLON AMUSEMENTS.

The Amherst Glee Club has come and gone. Fourteen jolly looking fellows, arrayed in the conventional dress suit, stood on the Opera House stage on Tuesday night, and for two hours acted for Massillon just as they would act at Amherst. And that was all their hearers wanted. There was melody and mirth, just enough of both. The fact that they were genuine young men, and only out for a good time, lent interest to their performance. Their concert was good but not quite so good as the one given two years ago.

It was a large audience that gathered to hear the famous General Lew. Wallace deliver the third lecture of the U. C. D. course, upon "Turkey and the Turks," on Wednesday night. It was a lecture full of interest for everybody, in which the dry bones of fact were surrounded by witty descriptions and wise comments, so that everybody was in a pleasant frame of mind, and went home with a better opinion of the Turks, and a more accurate idea of Turkey than when they came. Judge Tourgee will deliver the next lecture.

THE McCALL OPERA COMPANY.

The name of John A. McCall has never been associated with any theatrical enterprise but those of the highest order. A fortune has followed his reputation and the most elaborate financial backing make it possible for him to produce the most elaborate opera with the utmost accuracy of detail. The people of Massillon will be treated to one of these superb entertainments Saturday, January 29, when the McCall Opera Company will appear in "The Black Hussar," the most popular of Millocker's operas. With all the accessories as are only seen in metropolitan theatres, with a company of about sixty people and a magnificent orchestra of fifteen. The manager has not ventured a personal guarantee of the excellence of any companies appearing in the opera house except the Strakosch Concert Company, Jas. O'Neill, Mme. Rive-King and Robert Downing. They have fulfilled all that the most exacting critics could demand. The same guarantee is now made for the McCall Opera Company. Their appearance here should be greeted with an ovation. A sale of choice seats will open at J. V. R. Skinner's book store Monday, Jan. 9th, to continue until Wednesday, the 11th, when the program will be sent to surrounding towns. Regular sale will open Monday, Jan. 16. Prices, 35, 50 and 75 cents. A few choice orchestra chairs \$1.00.

SECRET SOCIETIES.

Items of Interest to the Members of the Various Fraternal and Benevolent Societies.

Perry Lodge, K. of P., installed officers last evening.

Clinton Lodge, F. and A. M., meets next Monday evening.

Mr. H. C. Brown was re-elected representative to the Grand Lodge of Ohio, from District No. 54. This is a very important trust, but Mr. Brown, as in the past, may be relied upon to attend to all the needs of this district.

The following officers were installed in Sippo Lodge No. 48, I. O. O. F., Monday evening: Ellis Roberts, N. G.; John Kay, V. G.; C. E. Higginbotham, Recording Secretary; H. Huber, Permanent Secretary; H. F. Oehler, Treasurer; Thomas Laviers, Warden; John Hahn, Conductor; J. W. Hisey, R. S. N. G.; George Mong, L. S. N. G.; William Crookston, R. S. V. G.; William Shaw, L. S. V. G.; J. Nelson and Edmund Griffith, Scene Supporters; A. A. Hallock, J. G.; George Young, O. G.

The new Odd Fellows' Hall in the Warwick block is at last finished and furnished, and will be used for the first time Friday night. The dedication will take place in a few weeks. When the lease was made Mr. Warwick told them to go ahead and fix up the entire third floor to suit themselves. This generous offer was accepted, and the result is one of the most complete places of the kind or size in Ohio.

One enters a large vestibule, and facing the north, proceeds through to an anteroom, which opens into the great lodge room. The lodge room is indeed a beauty. The fresco has been before described, and together with the handsome carpet purchased of Mr. W. F. Ricks, tasteful furniture, chandeliers, and the little mysteries which arouse one's curiosity, the effect is very good. Leaving this large room by a southern door, the wardrobe room is entered. Wardrobes of natural finished wood line the walls, and in one corner is a remarkable dark closet, the use of which it is not permitted the Independent to tell or know. Again proceeding south, the banquet room, with its smooth polished floor is viewed, and opening to the west is a large kitchen which would provoke unbounded admiration from every housewife.

Every sanitary convenience, water, steam, and gas, have been introduced, and if the members of the order are not satisfied—well, they ought to be.

In Brooklyn the favorite dodge of the beggars is to ask for a penny to get across the bridge with. Few refuse so enticing a request.

Cloaks and shawls at 50c on the dollar at A. L. Watkins & Co.'s.

IT COSTS NOTHING

To See Our New Stock of

DIAMONDS

Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silverware, Knives, Forks, Musical Inst'mnts, Strings, Spoons, Glass Shades, Opera Glasses, Telescopes, Gold Pens, Gold & Silver Thimbles, Spectacles of All Kinds.

We have the goods and are going to sell them as low and a little lower than the lowest.

Our stock is complete & new.

COLEMAN, The Reliable Jeweler, NO. 5 ERIE STREET.

For the Holidays!

J. V. R. SKINNER,

Has Just Opened his Stock of Holiday Goods.

The books, endless in number, from the ever popular Chatterbox to the elaborate edition-de-luxe, are marvels of cheapness, fresh from the publishers, and possess attractions for even the most pronounced book lover. Certainly there is no larger line in Stark county.

The fancy goods are unusually handsome this year, and in the numberless lamps, vases, bronzes, bits of ivory ware, bisque figures, silk umbrellas, rare cards, and novelties of various kinds, every taste can be gratified. Every body is invited to examine the collection before being very much broken.

No. 40 East Main street, Massillon.

West MASSILLON COAL Co.,

P. Sonnhalter & Co., Prop'rs, Miners of the finest quality of Massillon Coal.

Best Quality of Massillon Lump. Pure Nut for Cook Stove use. Coarse and Fine Slack for Base Burners.

City Office at C. Warth's Grocery, West Main Street. City Agent and Collector, GEO. W. SCHROCK, Bank Telephone 60.

The teachers and officers of the Industrial School desire to thank the friends who contributed towards the "treat" of candy which the children enjoyed on the Saturday preceding Christmas; also the other friends who sent in clothing, provisions, money and toys for the poor. While our expectations were not realized, we were able to relieve quite a number of cases of want.

M. A. DENN.

Opera Glasses for Xmas Presents at C. C. Miller's 37 E. Main street.

A nice line of Gold Spectacles for Christmas presents, at Miller's Jewelry Store.

C. C. Miller's Prices on Watches are the lowest in the city and the largest stock in the city to select from.

For an unlimited time first-class cabinet photographs can be had at L. L. Shertzer's for \$2 and \$3 per dozen.

C. C. Miller, the new Jeweler has all new goods; latest styles, and the lowest prices. Call and see.

Z. T. BALTZLY.

W. H. McCALL & CO., DRUGGISTS.

CANTON'S NEW HOTEL The Hurford.

[Formerly the St. Cloud Hotel.] Unsurpassed by any \$2 per day Hotel in Ohio. Commodious. Complete in its appointments. Cuisine Unsurpassed. Neighborhood Patrons at same rates as old St. Cloud. ED. S. NORTON, - PROPRIETOR.

L. L. SHERTZER, THE PHOTOGRAPHER.

First-class work in all branches of Photography. SOUTH ERIE STREET.

Dress goods, silks, velvets, romesties and notions again reduced to close out at Watkins.

No. 9 South Erie St.

THE RED ACORN.

BY JOHN M'ELROY,
Author of "Amersonville," Etc.[Copyrighted by National Tribune Publishing Co.,
and published by arrangement with them.]

[The name given this story is made glorious by the valor and achievements of the First division of the Fourteenth Army corps, the cognizance of which was a crimson acorn, worn on the breasts of its gallant soldiers and borne upon their battle flags.]

CHAPTER XVI.

THE AMBUSH.

The day spent with Aunt Debby had been of the greatest benefit to Harry Glen. Since his parting with Rachel, Bond there had been going on in his spirit a fermentation like that with which good wine discharges itself of its grossness and impurities, and becomes clear and fine. In this process had vanished the absorbing selfishness of a much indulged only son, and the supercilious egotism which came as an almost necessary result of his college curriculum. This spiritual ripening received its perfecting color and bloom from the serene exaltation of Aunt Debby's soul. So filled was she with lofty devotion to the cause, so complete her faith in its success, so unquestioning her belief that it was every one's simple duty to brave all danger for it, and die if need be without a murmur, that contact with her would have inspired with pure patriotic ardor a nature much less ready for such leavening than Harry's.

As he, however, had surmised, his faults were mainly superficial, and underneath them was a firm gristle of manhood which would speedily harden into bone. With the experience he had been having, days would mature this as rapidly as ordinary years. He was himself hardly aware of the transformation, but only felt, as his physical exhaustion disappeared, a new eagerness to participate in the great work of the war. He was gratified to know a little later that this was no transient feeling. In the course of the evening Jim Fortner came in, with Kent Edwards and Abe Bolton. After they had all satisfied their hunger Fortner informed Harry and Aunt Debby that the enemy had fallen back to London. From which point he was sending out wagons into the surrounding country to gather up food, forage, arms, clothing, ammunition, etc., with the double object of depriving the Union men of them and adding the same to the Confederate resources. A long train had also been sent out to the Goose creek salt works—twenty-five miles northeast of London—to bring away a lot of salt stored there, of which the Confederates had even more need than of food.

Fortner proposed to go out in the morning and endeavor to burn some of these wagons. It seemed altogether probable that a few might be caught in such a position that their guards could be killed or driven off.

All readily assent to this plan, Aunt Debby leading off by volunteering to ride ahead on her mare, as a scout.

Harry suddenly remembered that he was weaponless. "What shall I do for a gun?" he asked anxiously.

"I don't know," said Fortner with a shrug. "My mind was disordered by other things," he added with a suspicion of a grin at Edwards and Bolton, who were leaning back in their chairs and looking at him with interest and a heavy snicker together made a comical too potent to resist.

Fortner rose, sprang a few blanks on the floor, and a sack of grain for a pillow, and with some difficulty induced the two sleepers to lie down and take their slumbers in a more natural position.

"I'll find you a gun," said Aunt Debby, as this operation was finished, and walking to a farther corner of the room, she came back bearing in her hand a rifle very similar to the one Fortner carried.

"That," she said, setting the delicately curved brown head down upon the bench, and holding the muzzle at arm's length while she gazed at the gun with the admiration one cannot help feeling for a magnificent weapon, "is as true a rifle as ever a man put to his shoulder. If I didn't believe yet he was true ez steel ye shouldn't touch it, but I'll blinged for the truest man in this 'fin' world."

"But wuz her husband's," explained Fortner, as his lips met fitfully, as if looking down a bitter memory.

"I'm givin' it ter ye ter use ez he'd a used hit ef he war a livin'!" she said, standing her tones with a perceptible effort. "I'm glad that my hands can put inter yours—the means ter avenge him."

Harry tried in vain to make an appropriate response.

"I'll clean hit up for ye," she said to Harry, as she saw Fortner beginning to furbish up his own rifle for the next day's duties.

That she was no stranger to the work was shown by the skill with which she addressed herself to it. Nothing that a Kentucky mountaineer does has more of the aspect of a labor of love, than his curing for a time rifle, and any of them would have been put to shame by the dexterity of Aunt Debby's simple hands. Removing the leathern holder which protected the lock, she carefully rubbed off the hammer and the nipple with a wisp of soft fine tow, and picked out the tube with a needle. Wiping another bit of tow around the end of a wiping stick, she moistened it slightly in her mouth, and carefully swabbed out of the inside of the barrel every suspicion of dust and dirt. Each of the winding rifles was made clean and free along its whole course. Then the tow swab was lightly touched with sweet unsalted goose fat, that it might spread a rust preventing film over the interior surface. She burnished the silver and brass ornaments, and rubbed the polished stock until it shone. When not a suspicion of soil or dirt remained anywhere, the delicate double triggers were examined and set so that they would yield at the stroke of a hair; a tuft of lightly oiled tow was placed over the nipple and another closed the muzzle.

"That," said Aunt Debby, setting the gun back against the logs, "is a rifle that'll allers do his duty, ef the man a-holt of hit does his. Let's see how the ammunition is."

The powder horn was found to be well filled with powder and the box with caps, but there were only a few bullets.

"I'll run ye some," she said, taking from a shelf a small iron ladle, a few basins of lead, and a pair of bullet molds. "For more'n a hundred years the women up our family has run all the bullets our men folks shot. They blieved hit made 'em lucky. Granfather Fortner killed an Injun chief across the Maumee river at the battle of Fallen Timbers with a bullet that granmother had run fur him an' marks with a little cross. Afore the battle begun granfather tuck the bullet outen his pouch an' put hit tater his mouth, until he could get a chance ter use hit on big game. He brot the chief's scalp hum ter granmother."

"I believe the bullets you cast for me will do good service," said Harry, with sincerity in his tones.

"I'm sartin of hit," she returned, confidently. "I hav adopted ye in my heart ez a son, an' I feel toward ye ez ye were really up my own kin. I know ye'll be a credit to yerself an' me."

While the lead was melting upon the bed of coals she drew out on the hearth she sat

in her low chair with her hands clasped about her knees and her great gray eyes fixed upon the depths of a mass of glowing embers in the fireplace, as if she saw there vivid pictures of the past or revelations of the future. "How wonderfully bright an' glowin' hit is in that," she said musingly; "hit's purer an' brighter then enything else on arth. 'Purified ez by fire,' the Book says. My God, Thon has sent Thy fires upon me ez a sweepin' flood. How they purified me ez Thou wisht! How hit shines an' glows away in that! Hit seems so deep sometimes that I kin scarcely see the end. A million times purer an' brighter is the light that shines from the throne uv God. They're lookin' at that now, while I still tarry heah. Husband an' son, when will I go to ye? When will I finish the work the Lord hez fur me ter do? When will the day uv my freedom come! Maybe to-morrow—maybe to-morrow."

She began singing softly:

An' when a shadder falls across the window
Of my room,
When I am workin' my appinted task,
I lift my head to watch the door an' ask
If He is comin';

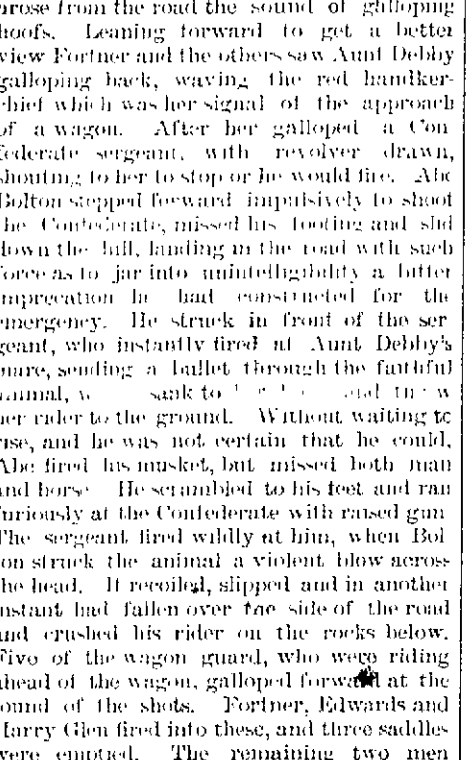
An' the angel answers sweetly
In my tongue,
"Only a few more shadders,
An' He will come."

"Aunt Debby, honey," said Fortner, rousing himself from a nap in his chair, "thet thar lead's burnin'. Better run yer bullets. She started as if waked from a trance, pressed her slender, thin hands to her eyes for an instant, and then taking the molds up in her left hand she raised the ladle with her right, filled them from it, knocked the molded balls out by a tap on the floor and repeated the process with such dexterous quickness that she had made fifty bullets before Harry realized that she was fairly at work.

"Ye men had better lay down an' git some sleep," she said, as she replaced the molds and ladle on the shelf. "Ye'll need all yer strength to-morrow. I'll neck these bullets an' git to gether some vittles fur the trip, an' then I'll lay down a while. We order start early—soon after daybreak."

They did start early the next morning, with Aunt Debby riding upon the roads that wound around the mountain sides, while Fortner led the men through the shelter by paths.

Noon had passed some hours, and yet they had come across no signs of wagons. Aunt Debby was riding along a road cut out of the rocks about midway up the mountain. To her right the descent was almost perpendicular for 100 feet or more to where a creek ran at the bottom of a cliff. To her left the hill rose up steeply to a great height. Fortner and the others were threading their way through the brush some distance above her, and keeping her in view as well as the bushes and trees would permit. Suddenly there arose from the road the sound of gliding hoofs. Leaning forward to get a better view Fortner and the others saw Aunt Debby galloping back, waving the red handkerchief which was her signal of the approach of a wagon. After her galloped a Confederate sergeant, with revolver drawn, shouting to her to stop or he would fire. Abe Bolton stepped forward impulsively to shoot the Confederate, missed his footing and slid down the hill, landing in the road with such force as to jar into unmitigatedly a better impression he had constructed for the emergency. He struck in front of the sergeant, who instantly fired at Aunt Debby's mare, sending a bullet through the fair-haired animal's neck to the ground. Without waiting to rise, and he was not certain that he could, Abe fired his musket, but missed both man and horse. He scrambled to his feet and ran furiously at the Confederate with raised gun. The sergeant fired wildly at him, when Bolton struck the animal a violent blow across the head. It recoiled, slipped and in another instant had fallen over the side of the road and crushed his rider on the rocks below. Five of the wagon guard, who were riding ahead of the wagon, galloped forward at the sound of the shots. Fortner, Edwards and Harry Glen fired into these, and three saddles were emptied. The remaining two men



Fortner, Edwards and Harry Glen fired.

whirled their horses around, fired wildly into the air and dashed back upon the plunging team, with which the driver was vainly struggling. The ground quivered as the frightened animals struck together; they were crushed back upon their haunches, and beat one another cruelly with their mighty hoofs. Wagon, horses and men reeled on the brink an agonizing instant; the white-faced driver dropped the lines and sprang to the secure ground; the riders strained with the energy of deathly fear to tear themselves loose from their steeds, but in vain. Then the frantic man crashed down the jagged rocks, tearing up the stunted cedars as if they were weeds, and fell with a sounding splash on the limestone bed of the shallow creek.

Fortner, Glen and Edwards came down as quickly as possible, the latter spraining his ankle badly by making a venturesome leap to reach the road first. They found the man that Fortner had shot at stone dead, with a bullet through his temple. The other two had been struck in the body. Their horses stood near, looking wonderingly at their prostrate masters.

Bolton was rubbing his bruises and abrasions and vituperating everything, from the conduct of the war to the steepness of Kentucky mountains. Aunt Debby had partially recovered from the stunning of her fall, and limped slowly up, with her long riding skirt raised by one hand. Her lips were compressed, and her great gray eyes blazed with excitement.

They all went to the side of the road and looked down at the crushed and bleeding mass in the creek.

"My God! that's awful," said Harry, with a rising sickness about his heart, as the excitement began subsiding.

"Plenty good enuf fur scoundrels who rob poor men of all they hev," said Fortner, fiercely, as he reloaded his rifle. "Hit's not bad enuf fur thieves an' robbers."

"Hit's God's judgment on the wicked an' the oppressor," said Aunt Debby, with solemn stillness.

"Hain't we better try to get down there, and help these men out?" suggested Harry.

"Perhaps it's not dead yet."

"Aunt Debby, thet thar 'boss that's raisin' his head an' whistlin'!" said Fortner, with sudden interest, "is Joel Spriggs' roan goldin',

sho's yo're bo'n, honey." He pointed to where a shapely head was raised, and almost human agony looked out of great liquid eyes. "Thet wuz the finest hoss in Laurel county, an' they've stole 'im from Joel. Hit'll bout break his heart, fur he set a powerful sight of store on thet ere beast. Pore critter! hit makes me sick ter see 'im suffer thet way. I've a mind ter put 'im outen his misery, but I'm afeared I can't shoot 'im so long ez he looks at me with them big pitiful eyes of his'n. They go right ter my heart."

"You'd better shoot him," urged Aunt Debby. "Hit's a sin ter let an innocent critter suffer thet a-way."

Fortner raised his rifle, and sent a bullet through the mangled brute's brain.

Aunt Debby's eyes became fixed on a point where, a mile away down the mountain, a bend in the road was visible through an opening in the trees.

"Look out," she said, as the echoes of the shot died away; "thar comes a hull lot on 'em."

They looked, and saw plainly a large squad of cavalry, with a wagon behind.

"We must get outen heah, an' thet quick," said Fortner, decisively. He caught one of the horses, and shortened a stirrup to make the saddle answer for a side saddle. "Heah, Aunt Debby, let me help ye up, honey. Now Bolton and Edwards, I'll help ye on these ere hosses' legs will tote ye. Don't spar 'em a mite. Thon fellers'll gin ye the devil's own chance ez soon ez they git heah an' see what's bin done. Glen and me'll go across the mounting, an' head 'em off on t'other side. Don't come back ez ye heah shootin', but keep straight on, fur we kin take keer of 'em without eny help. Glen, ye say-eh up the mounting thar ez fast ez the Lord'll let ye. I'll be after ye right spary."

All sped away as directed. Fortner had been leading his gun while speaking. He now rammed the bullet home, and withdrawing his rammer walked over to the cliff beside which the teamster was cowering.

"O, Mister Fortner, don't kill me—please don't!" whined the luckless man, getting awkwardly upon his knees, and raising his hands imploringly. "I swar to God I'll never raise a hand agin a Union man agin ef ye'll only spar my life."

"Kill ye, Pete Hoskins!" said Fortner, with unfathomable contempt. "What consore ye hev ter think yer with the powder an' lead. I hain't no bullet ter waste on carter."

He struck the aid-et follow a couple of stinging blows on the face with the ramrod, replaced it in the thimble, and sprang up the rocks just as the head of the cavalry appeared round a bend of the road a few rods away.

Overtaking Harry shortly, he heard about the same time the Confederates on the road below strike into a trot.

"They know hit all now," he said, "an' hev started in chase. Let's jog on lively, an' get ter whar we kin head 'em off."

Night had fallen in the meantime, but the full moon had risen immediately, making it almost as light as day.

After half an hour's fast walking, the two Unionists had cut across the long horseshoe around which the Confederates were traveling, and had come down much ahead of them on the other side of the mountain, and just where the road led up the steep ascent of another mountain.

There was a loneliness about the spot that was terrible. Over it hung the "thought and deeply feel of solitude." The only break for relief in the primeval forest was that made for the narrow road. House or cabin there was none in all the gloomy reaches of rocks and gnarled trees. It was too inhospitable a region to tempt even the wildest squatter.

The flood of moonlight made the desolation more oppressive than ever by making palpable and suggestive the inky abysses under the trees and in the thickets.

Fortner looked up the road to his right and listened intently.

A waterfall mumbled somewhere in the neighborhood. The pines and hemlocks near the summit sighed drearily. A gray fox, which had probably just supped off a pheasant, sat on a log and barked out his gluttonous satisfaction. A wildcat, as yet supperless, screamed its envy from a cliff half a mile away.

"I can't bear anything of Aunt Debby an' the others," said Fortner, at length; "so I reckon they're clean over the mounting, an' 'bout safe by this time. Them beasts are purty good travelers, I imagine, an' they hain't let no grass grow in under the'r hufs."

"But the Confederates are coming, hand over hand," said Harry, who had been watching to the left and listening. "I hear them now quite plainly. Yes, there they are," he continued, as two or three galloped around a turn in the road, followed at a little interval by others.

The metallic clang of the rapid hoof beats on the rocks rang through the somber aisles of the forest. Noisy fox and antiphonal wildcat stopped to listen to this invasion of sound.

"Quick! let's get in cover," said Fortner.

"Ye make fur thet rock up thar," said Fortner to Harry, pointing to a spot several hundred yards above them, "and stay there till I come. Keep close in the shadder, so's they won't see ye."

"It seems to me that I ought to stay with you," said Harry, indecisively.

"No; go. Ye can't do no good heah. One's better nor two. I'll be up thar soon. Go, quick."

There was no time for debate, and Harry did as bidden.

Fortner stepped into the inky shadow of a large rock, against which he leaned. The great broad face of the rock, gray from its covering of minute ash-colored lichens, was toward the pursuers, and shone white as marble in the flood of moonlight. The darkness seemed banked up around him, but within his arm's length it was as light as day. The long rifle barrel reached from the darkness into the light, past the corner of the rock against which it rested. The bright rays made the little "bead" near the muzzle gleam like a diamond, and lighted up the slit as fine as a hair in the hind-sight. Three little clicks, as if of twigs breaking under a rabbit's foot, told that the triggers had been set and the hammer raised.

The horsemen, much scattered by the pursuit, clattered onward. In ones and twos, with wide intervals between, they reached along a half mile of the road. Two—the best mounted—rode together at the head. Two hundred yards below the great white rock, which shone as innocent and kindly as a fleecy summer cloud, a broad rivulet wound its way toward the neighboring creek. The blown horses scented the grateful water, and checked down to drink of it. The right hand rider loosened his bridle that his steel might gratify himself. The other tightened his rein and struck with his spurs. His horse "gathered" and leaped across the stream. As the armed hoofs struck sparks from the smooth stones on the opposite side, the rider of the drinking horse saw burst out of the white rock above them a gray cloud with a central tongue of flame, and his comrade fall to the ground.

His immediate reply with both barrels of his shotgun showed that he did not mistake this for any natural phenomenon. The sound of the shots brought the rest up at a gallop, and a rapid fire was opened on the end of the rock.

But the instant Fortner fired he sprang back behind the rock, and then ran under its cover a little distance up the mountain side to a dense laurel thicket, in which he lay down behind a log and reloaded his rifle. He listened. The firing had ceased, and a half

dozen dismounted men were carefully approaching the spot whence he had sent the fatal shot. He heard the captain order a man to ride back and bring up the wagon, that the body of the dead man might be put in it. As the wagon was heard rumbling up the dismounted men reported to the captain that the bushwhacker had made good his escape and was no longer behind the rock.

"Well, he hasn't gone very far," said the captain, with a savage oath. "He can't have got any distance away, and I'll have him, dead or alive, before I leave this spot. The whole gang of Lincolnite hellhounds are treed right up there, and not one of them shall get away alive." He put a bone whistle to his lips and sounded a shrill signal. A horseman trotted up from the rear in response to the call, leading a bound with a leash. "Take the dog up to that rock there, Bill," said the captain, "and set him on that devil's trail. Five more of you dismount and deploy there on the other side of the road. All of you move forward cautiously, watching the dog, and make sure you 'save' the whelp when he is run out."

The men left their saddles and moved forward with manifest reluctance. They had the highly emotional nature usual in the poor white of the south, and this was deeply depressed by the weird loneliness that brooded over everything, and the bloodshed they had witnessed. Their thirst for vengeance was being tempered rapidly by a growing superstitious fear. There was something supernatural in these mysterious killings. Each man, therefore, only moved forward as he felt the captain's eye on him, or his comrades advanced.

The dog, after some false starts, got the scent, and started to follow Fortner's footsteps.

"He's done tuck the trail, Cap'n," called back one of the men.

"All right," answered the officer; "don't take your eyes off of him for a second till he trees the game."

But the logs and the rocks and the impenetrable darkness in the shadows made it impossible to follow the movements of the hound every moment. Only Fortner was able to do this. He could see the great greenish-yellow eyes burn in the pitchy depths and steadily draw nearer to him. They entered the laurel thicket, and the beast growled as he felt the nearness of his prey.

"Wolf must be gittin close ter him," said one of the men.

Fortner hid his rifle across the log, and drew from his belt a long keen knife. He stirred slightly in doing this, and in turning to confront the dog. The hound sprang forward with a growl that was abruptly ended, for Fortner's left hand shot out like an arrow, and caught the loose folds of skin on the brute's neck, and the next instant his right, armed with the knife, descended and laid the animal's shoulder and neck open with a long deep cut. But the darkness made Fortner mistake his distance. He neither caught the dog securely, nor sent the knife to his heart, as he intended, and the hound tearing away, ran out into the moonlight, bleeding and yelping. Before he reached his human allies Fortner had silently sped back 100 yards, to a more secure shelter, so that the volley which was poured into the thicket only endangered the lives of the chipmunks denized there. The mounted men rode forward and joined those on foot in raking the copse with charges of buckshot.

Away above Fortner and Harry rose yells and the clatter of galloping hoofs. Before they could imagine what this meant a little cavalcade swept by at a mad gallop, yelling at the tops of their voices, and charging directly at the Confederates below. In front were Aunt Debby, Bolton and Edwards, riding abreast, and behind them three men in homespun.

The Confederates seemed totally unmoved by this startling apparition. The dismounted ones flung themselves on their horses and all fled away at a gallop, without attempting to make a stand and without taking thought of their wagon. As they scurried along the opposite mountain side Fortner and Harry fired at them, but without being able to tell whether their shots took effect.

The pursuit was carried but a little distance. The wagon was secured and taken up the mountain. A little after midnight the summit was passed, and Fortner led the way into an opening to the right, which eventually brought up at a little level spot in front of a large cave. The horses were unhitched and unsaddled, a fire built, cedar boughs gathered to make a bed on the rocky floor of the cave, and they threw themselves down upon this to sleep the sleep of utter weariness.

In the meantime Harry had learned that the new comers were cousins of Fortner's, who, being out on a free scouting expedition, had been encountered by Aunt Debby and the others near the summit of the mountain, and had started back with them to the assistance of Fortner. The sound of firing had so excited them that the suggestion of a charge by Kent Edwards was eagerly acceded to.

"It must be near 3 o'clock," said Kent, looking up at the stars, as he came back stealthily from laying the saddle blanket, which was the only covering he and Abe had, upon the sleeping form of Aunt Debby, and my downy couch still waits for me. My life-long habits of staid respectability have been greatly shaken recently."

Abe growled derisively.

An inspection the next morning of the wagon's load showed it to be mainly made up of bums, shoulders and sides, plundered from the smoke-houses visited. With these were a number of guns, including several fine rifles, and all the ammunition that could be found along the route.

A breakfast was made of slices of ham broiled on the ends of sticks, and then a consultation was held as to the plans for the day's operations.

The result of this was a decision that Aunt Debby and one of the newcomers should go back and inform the neighborhood of what had taken place, gather a party to remove the dead from the creek and bury them, to keep the water from being poisoned, and recover what property might be found with the first wagon. Kent Edwards, Abe Bolton, and two of the newcomers would scout down toward London, to ascertain the truth of the rumor that Zollie Coffey had evacuated that place and retired to Laurel bridge, nine miles south of it. Fortner and Harry Glen would take the wagon to Wildcat Gap, report what had been done, and explain to their commander the absence of the enlisted men.

"Shade of King Solomon," said Kent to Abe, after their party had ridden for two or three hours through the mountains toward London. "I wonder if there is any other kind of worldly knowledge that I know as little about as I did of scouting when we started out. My eyes have been opened to my own ignorance. I used to have the conceit that we two could play a fair hand at any game of war they could get up for our entertainment. But these Kentuckians give me points every hundred yards that I never so much as dreamed of. There's the wisdom of serpents when compared with our dove-like innocence."

"I like dove-like innocence," interrupted Abe.

"But did you ever see anybody that could go through the country as these fellows can?" It's just marvelous. They know every short cut to every point, and they know just where to go every time to see away ahead without

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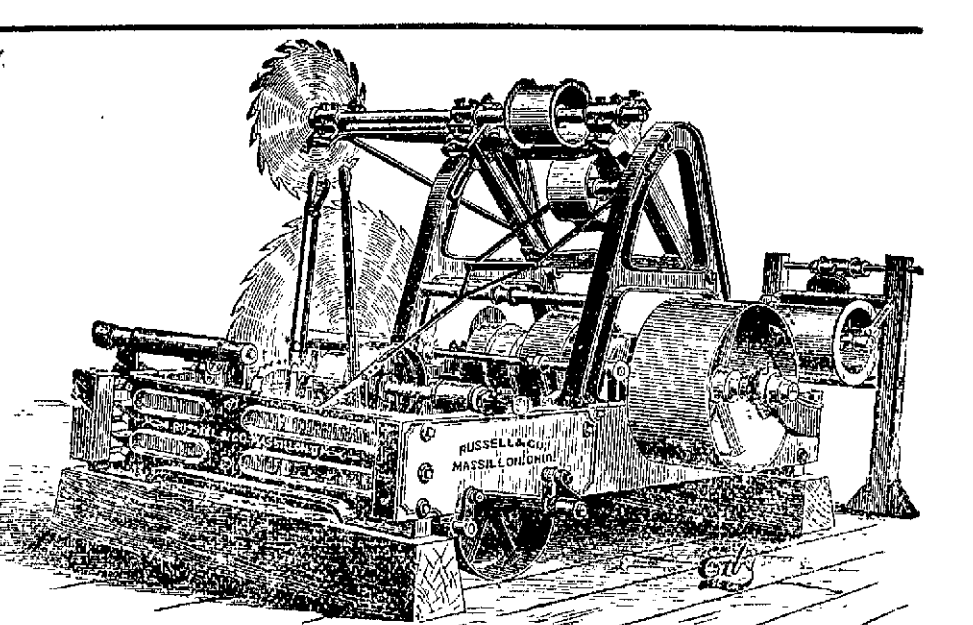
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being seen themselves. It would puzzle the sharpest Confederate bushwhacker to get the drop on them.

"I don't know as I want to learn their way of doing," said Abe, crustily. "It looks like sneaking on a big scale, that's all. And I'm ashamed of this lying round behind a log or a rock to pop a man over. It ain't my style at all. I believe in open and above board fighting, give and take, and may the best man win."

"So do I, though I suppose all's fair in war. But when we scout we give them the same chance to knock us over that they give us when they scout. I'll admit it looks like murder to shoot men down that way, for it does not help either side along a particle. But these Kentuckians have a great many private injuries to avenge, and they can't do it any other way."

All the people of the region were intensely Union, so it was not difficult to get exact information of the movements of the Confederates, and as the scouts drew near London they became aware that not only all of Zollkofer's infantry, but his small parties of cavalry, had retreated beyond the town. Our scouts, therefore, putting Edwards and Bolton to the front, that their blue uniforms might tell the character of the party, spurred into a gallop, and dashed into London, to be received with boundless enthusiasm.

"Somebody ought to ride back to Wilkent immediately," said Kent, after they had enjoyed their reception a little while, "and report this to the general."

All assented to this proposition.

"It is really the duty of myself and comrade here to do it," said Kent, shifting uneasily in his chair, to find a comfortable place to sit upon; "but as we have been for two days riding the hardest backed horses over roads that were simply awful, and as previous to that time we had not taken any equestrian exercise for several years, there are some fundamental reasons—that is, reasons lying at the very base of things (the shifted again)—why we must not be called upon to do another mile of horseback riding until time has had an opportunity to exercise his soothing and healing influence, so to speak. And I believe I have stated the case with my usual happy combination of grace and delicacy."

"You have, as usual, flushed a tail race of big words."

"In short," Kent went on, "Alb, thank you. That is delicious. The best I ever drank. Your mountain stills make the finest applejack in the world. There must be something in the water—that you don't put in. It's as smooth as new made butter. Well, here's to the Banner of Beauty and Glory." In short, as I was saying when you hospitably interrupted me, we are willing to do anything for the cause, but unless there is some other way of riding, the most painful effort I could make for our beloved country would be to mount that horse again, and ride another hundred yards. To be messenger of this good news would be bliss, what prevents it is a blister."

The crowd laughed boisterously.

"Mister," said one of the Kentuckians who accompanied them, with that peculiar drawing inflection of the word that it were hopeless to attempt to represent in print, "if ye want to send some one in yer place me, I'll be glad to be powerful glad for ye. Jest git a note for the general at Wilkent ready while we saddle fresh horses, and we'll hev hit in his hands afore midnight."

The proposition was immediately accepted, and in a little while the Kentuckians were speeding their way back to Gen. Schep, with a letter giving the news, and signed "Kent Edwards, Chief of Scouts."

That evening a party of young men who had followed the Confederates retreat some distance, brought in a wagon which had been concealed in an out of the way place, and left there. It was loaded mainly with things taken from the houses, and was evidently the private collection of some freebooting subordinate, who did not intend that the Southern Confederacy should be enriched by the property. Hence, probably, the hesitation about taking it along with the main train. It was handed over to Kent as the representative of the United States, who was authorized to take charge of it. Assisted by Abe he started to make an inventory of its contents. A portly jug of applejack was kept at hand, that there might not be any suffering from undue thirst during the course of the operation, which, as Kent providently remarked, was liable to make a man as dry as an Arizona plain.

The danger of such aridity seemed to grow more imminent, continually, judged by the frequency of their applications to the jug. It soon became more urgent than the completion of the inventory. Frequent visits of loyal Kentuckians with other jugs and bottles, to drink to the renewed supremacy of the Banner of Beauty and Glory, did not diminish Kent's and Abe's apprehensions of ultimate thirst. Their day seemed like some other kinds, which have their absorptive powers strengthened by the more they take up. They belonged to a not unusual class of men whom it takes about as long to get thoroughly drunk as it does to heat up an iron furnace, but the condition that they achieve then makes the intoxication of other and ordinary men seem a very mild and tame exhilaration.

By noon the next day this process was nearing its completion. A messenger galloped into town with the information that the Union forces were coming, and would arrive in the course of an hour or two.

"Shash so!" said Kent, straightening himself up with a crushing dignity that always formed a sure gauge of the extent to which inebriation had progressed. "Shash so! Troops! she United States! bout to enter this lovely metropolis with all pomp and shirshins! reasserted 'thority. 'Sition-shirshins! event! renewed 'cession. Never happened fore; probably never'll happen again. Ought to be 'properly celebrated, Abe!" That gentleman made a strong effort to control joints which seemed unmanageable, and succeeded in assuming a tolerable erectness, while he blinked at his companion with stolid gravity.

"Abe, shish ish great 'cession. Greatest in she annals of shis country. We're only representatives government in she town. Burden whole shing fallsh on us. Understand? We must do everything. Understand? Com'way spects every man to do shis duty. Understand?"

Abe sank down on a bench, leaned his head against the wall and looked at his companion with one eye closed wearily.

"Yessir," Kent resumed, summoning up a new supply of oratorical energy, and an official gravity beneath which his legs trembled. "Name shis town's London. Shamo name's big town 'cross ocean. Lots history c'ected wish name. Shitsack an' corns of it. Old times when King wanted 'come t' s'own 'gain Lord Mayor went out t' meet him, wish shyle piled on bigger'n a haystack. Fact. Clothes finer'n a peacock. Ten'ered him keys, freed'n city. All shat short shing. Ver' impressive spectacle. Everybody felt better'n for improv'n' sight. Understand? We'll be lord mayor and train for shis London. We can rig out right here. Our trousers here in shis rag trunk."

"Shall we get anything t' drink?" inquired Abe, making a temporary collection of his wife with a violent effort.

"Abe!" the freezing severity of Kent's tone and manner would have been hopelessly fatal to early vegetables. "Abe, you've many

good qualities—more of 'em shan any man I know. But a degrading passion for shtrong drink is ruinin' you. I'm your best fren, an' shay it wish tearsh in m' eyes. Lemme beg of you t' reform ere it ish too late. Beware of it, my fren, beware of it. It shing-sheth like a serpent, an' biteth like a multiplier —I mean an adder. You haven't got my shupst self-control, an' so yer only shafely lies in total abstinence. Cheese it, my fren, chess it on she sheductive but fatal lush."

"Are we goin' out t' meet she boysh?" inquired Abe.

"Shertainly we are. Yessir. An' we're goin' out ash I proposed. Yer a shplendid feller, Abe," continued Kent, with lotty patronage. "A shplendid feller, an' do great credit t' yer 'portunities. But y' haven't had my 'vantages of mingling constantly in plite society. Y' know. Rough diamond, I know, 'nall that short o' shing, but lack polish, an' easy grace. So I'll be the lord mayor, an' y'll be the train. Understand?"

He lurched forward and came near falling over the chair, but recovering he stiffened up and gazed at that useful article of furniture with a sternness that implied his belief that it was a rascally blackleg trying to insinuate itself into the circle of refinement and chaste elegance of which he was the particular ornament.

"Come," he resumed, "le's bedizen ourselves; le's assume th' shplendor 'ppropriate t' th' 'cession."

When the troops marched in the afternoon, they encountered at the head of the crowd that met them at the crossing of the creek just outside of town, a man who seemed filled with deep emotion, and clothed with strange fancies. He wore a tall silk hat of antique pattern, carefully brushed, which he protected from the rays of the sun with a huge blue cotton umbrella. A blue broadcloth coat, with gilt buttons, sat jauntily over a black satin vest, and nankin trousers. A pair of gold spectacles reposed in his masterly dignity about half way down his nose, and a large silver beaded cane in the left hand balanced the umbrella in the right. By the side of the man with rare vestments stood another figure of even more limps of general bearing, whose garb consisted of a soldier's uniform, pantaloons and woolen shirt—none too clean—set off by a black dress coat and white linen vest.

As the head of the column came up, he in the blue broadcloth pulled off his hat and spectacles, and addressed himself to speech:

"Allow me, shir, to welcome you with hospitable hands to a bloody—no, let me tender you, shir, the liberties of our city, and restore shat she old banner which has braved she battle, lush—"



"Allow me, shir, to welcome you."

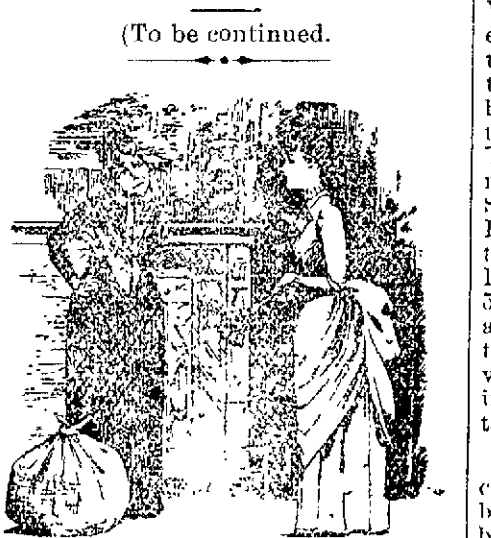
The column had stopped, and the captain commanding the advance was listening patiently to what he supposed was the address of an enthusiastic but eccentric old Kentuckian, when one of the sharp-eyed ones in the company shouted out:

"I declare! it's Kent Edwards and Abe Bolton."

The yell of laughter and applause at the ludicrous masquerade shook the bills. The column rode up to see what occasioned it. He recognized his two men, and his face darkened with anger.

"You infernal rascals," he shouted, "you have been off plundering houses, have you, in place of being with your company. I'll stop this sort of thing mighty sudden. This regiment shall not degrade itself by plundering and robbing, if I have to shoot every man in it. Captain, arrest those men, and keep them in close confinement until I can have them tried and properly punished."

(To be continued.)



The Plain Truth.

Mistress, to New Help—You will have to wash for the whole family.

N. H. All right, mum, but shis the liberty I'll be after taking or saying them that don't wash themselves, shis healthy.

Touching the Deacon.

It was related yesterday of "Deacon" Richardson, the President of the Atlantic avenue railroad, that he boarded one of his own horse-cars during the heaviest part of the snow-storm and saw that the conductor was without an overcoat, and stood shivering upon the platform.

"Where is your coat?" inquired Mr. Richardson in a severe tone.

"I haven't any," responded the conductor. "My family have been sick for months, past, and I can't raise any money."

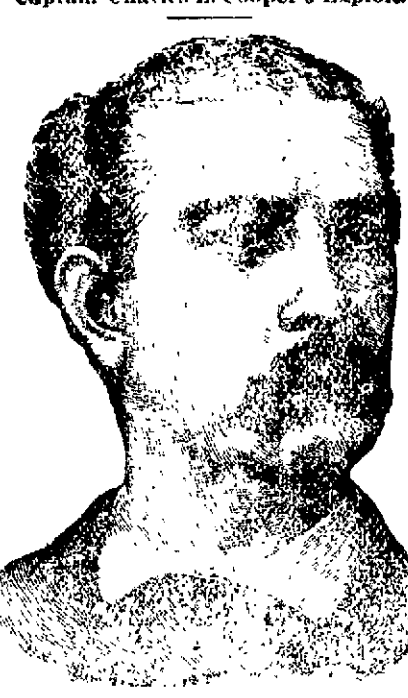
"Here's \$15," said Mr. Richardson, drawing the money from his pocket. "Go buy a coat. I can't afford to have a man freeze to death on my cars."—N. Y. Times.

"INDIAN DET." Washington, D. C. I am anxious to introduce Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup among my Indians, having used it myself for several months, and think it one of the finest remedies I ever found. I assure you, it is the only thing that ever relieved me of a protracted cough brought on by exposure while on the Sioux Commission last year.

A. G. BOONE.

Ag't for Poncas and U. S. Comm'r.

Captain Charles L. Cooper's Exploit.



The capture of the redoubtable Apache chief Mangus, on the 18th of October, by Captain Charles L. Cooper of the Tenth Cavalry, was the most important achievement of the late Indian campaign, after the bringing in of Geronimo himself. The young officer was warmly congratulated upon his exploit by General Miles, and the Tenth Cavalry, after the capture, pronounced it the most complete and thorough military achievement in the entire campaign.

The details of the pursuit and capture of Mangus, as given in the official report, illustrate what campaigning in the Apache country means. On the 14th of October, Captain Cooper started from Fort Apache, Arizona, with twenty enlisted men of Troop H, Tenth Cavalry. On the evening of the 17th he struck the trail of the Indians. After following this trail, the next day, over thirty miles of indescribably rough country, he sighted the fugitives. They were just going over the top of a steep mountain, 2,000 feet high, as the soldiers reached the base. Captain Cooper gave furious pursuit, not only over the first mountain, but over five others equally formidable. After a chase of fifteen miles, the Indians abandoned their stock and sought hiding-places. All were hunted out save three, and these surrendered during the night. The captures consisted of Chief Mangus and two bucks, three squaws, two boys capable of bearing arms, one girl, and four children; also twenty-nine mules, five ponies, and the entire camp outfit.

Chief Mangus is now in Florida, with Geronimo, Natchez, and the rest of the Apache captives. His desperate attempt to escape, while on the way there, will be remembered, and serves as an illustration of his character. In a recent letter, Captain Cooper writes: "I was alone in Mangus's camp, with but one man, for nearly two hours, and he had a cartridge in his rifle with which to kill me should an opportunity present itself."

Captain Charles L. Cooper is a native of New York city, where he was born in March, 1845. On the breaking out of the War for the Union, when the Seventy-first New York was sent for immediate defense of Washington, he, being but sixteen years of age, enlisted, served and returned home honorably discharged. Visiting with friends at Poughkeepsie, he again enlisted for three months' service in the Twenty-first Regiment, N. G. S. N. Y., of that city, and returned to the field. When twenty years of age, by promotion he became First Lieutenant. One year and twenty-seven months, he served in the United States Colored Troops. This regiment being part of the division commanded by General William Burney, did gallant service and established a record for good fighting qualities. Here General Burney's attention was attracted by the energy and pluck of the young officer. He sent for him, and soon after selected him as a member of his staff. In this capacity he served with distinction and showed much native soldierly grit. When the closing battles of the war were fought before Petersburg, he resumed his place in his regiment, and participated with his men in the bloody work which preceded the final victory of our army. On being mustered out of service, he resumed his military studies, and through the interest taken in him, and a knowledge of his bravery and soldierly qualities during the whole war, by General John A. Dix, Thurlow Weed, A. A. Low, and other representative men, he was appointed Second Lieutenant in the United States Regular Army, and assigned to duty in the Thirty-ninth Regiment, United States Infantry. He was promoted, October 5th, 1867, to the grade of First Lieutenant. In January, 1871, he was assigned to the Tenth United States Cavalry Service, where he has since remained, having meantime been promoted to a Captain.

A Harvard professor has made the calculation that if the men were really as big as they sometimes feel there would be room in the United States for only two professors, three lawyers, two doctors, and a reporter on a Philadelphia paper. The rest of us would be crowded into the sea and have to swim for it. Detroit Free Press.

"Johnny," said the Sunday-school teacher, "what does your lesson say? Repeat it again." "All flesh is grass," quoted Johnny. "Now, Johnny, what is meant by 'all flesh'?" "Folks," responded Johnny. "That's right, Johnny. And what is meant by the statement comparing them to grass?" "Green, I guess."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

About 8,000,000 umbrellas, or one to every six persons, are manufactured annually in the United States, the greater portion at Philadelphia.

Drunkenness, or Liquor Habit, can be Cured by administering Dr. Hains' Golden Specific.

It can be given in a cup of coffee or tea without the knowledge of the person taking it, effecting a speedy and permanent cure, whether the patient is a moderate drinker or an alcoholic wreck. Thousands of drunkards have been made temperate men who have taken the Golden Specific in their coffee without their knowledge, and to-day believe they quit drinking of their own free will. No harmful effects result from its administration. Cures guaranteed. Send for circular and full particulars. Address in confidence Golden Specific Co., 185 Race St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

MADE CLEAR AS DAY.

WALL STREET'S "PUTS," "CALLS," "SPREADS" AND "STRADDLES."

Mr. Russell Sage the Inventor of These Ingenious Speculative Devices—A Confidential Clerk Explains Them to an Inquiring Novice.

Mr. Russell Sage was the pioneer who invented "puts," "calls," "spreads" and "straddles." He began dealing in them when he first came to Wall street in 1861, after his withdrawal from congress, and he has been dealing in them ever since; and the stock markets of the world have taken up this ingenious speculative device of Mr. Sage's, and stock privileges are just as well known on the continental bourses to-day and in the London market as they are here, and they are largely dealt in. Perhaps not so largely as here, because the device is American and an outcome of American genius, but transcontinental speculators could not fail to see the advantages they offered and have performed adopted them. London declares that the nomenclature, so far as "spreads" and "straddles" are concerned, is not refined, and call them differently, but what they deal in are American stock privileges just the same.

MADE AS CLEAR AS DAY.

"And what are 'puts,' 'calls,' 'spreads' and 'straddles'?" asked the writer when he first went down on Wall street.

"Well," said John E. McMan, the confidential clerk of Russell Sage, of whom the question was asked, "I'll tell you if you promise never to mention the poetical subject again. It rep'es pretty d'ct word'g to make the thing clear, so it is not an exhilarating subject to talk on. You hear a good deal about 'puts' and 'calls,' but I venture to say there are 50,000,000 persons in the United States who do not know what they are, nor what the meaning is of the word 'privileges.' Now a privilege is a contract by which the maker of it, Russell Sage, S. V. Waite, Jay Gould or Harvey Kennedy, engages to purchase from the holder in the one case, or to sell to the holder in the other case, a number of shares of some specified stock, at a certain price at any time within a certain period at the option of the holder. Got that?"

A "CALL" EXPLAINED.

"A 'call' is a privilege bought of the maker at a certain price, and the owner of it is privileged to call for a certain amount of stock at a given price, within thirty, sixty or ninety days, four or six months. If a man holds a 'put' he has the right to deliver to the maker of the privilege a stock at a certain agreed on price within a certain number of days. Clear?"

No. Well, let's try once more.

"Suppose Western Union is selling at 70. A man wants a sixty day 'put' on it at 64, because he believes the stock is going down. He goes Mr. Sage, Mr. White, Mr. Kennedy or Mr. Gould 1 per cent. on the amount of stock he wants to deal in. A hundred shares is usual, and 1 per cent. is \$100. He receives in return a slip of paper, signed by either one or the other of those gentlemen. Then if Western Union goes below 64 within sixty days, he may buy it for whatever it is selling for below that price and 'put' it to the maker of the privilege at the price agreed on, 64, and receive a check for \$6,600. The holder makes the difference. Ah, you understand. If telegraph rates do not go below 64 the holder is out his \$100. The 'call' business operates exactly in the opposite way. A man buys the privilege of calling Western Union at 75 when it is selling at 70. If it sells above 75, you can call on the maker of the privilege for 100 shares at 75, and the 100 shares are thus bought by the holder for \$7,500, and he turns around and sells it at 80, if the stock is selling there, and pockets the difference."

"SPREADS" AND "STRADDLES."

"What about 'spreads' and 'straddles'?" "A 'straddle' is a 'put' and 'call' combined. The holder of one may 'put' stock to the maker of the privilege or 'call' for it. 'Straddles' come high, because there is money in them whichever way the market may go. If the market does not go all, but stands still, why, the maker is in the money he has been paid for the privilege, usually about 3 per cent., or \$300. A 'spread' is also a 'put' and 'call' combined, but there is this difference, a 'straddle' is made at the market. That is to say, the maker of the privilege takes the risk that the stock in question does not move to any extent from the price at which it is selling when the privilege is sold. In a 'spread' the maker has more leeway. If Western Union is selling at 70, to go back to the old illustration, the maker of the 'privilege' sells a 'spread,' say at 67 and 80. If it goes below 67, the holder can 'put' the stock and make the difference, and if it goes above 80, the holder can 'call' it at the price and reap the profits. But so long as the price of the stock keeps within those points the maker of the privilege is safe. To put it in another way, the holder of a 'straddle' will make if the market for the stock he is dealing in moves at all. The holder of a 'spread' doesn't make anything until the market moves past certain limits. There is one thing more, the maker of a privilege only receives the money for which he sells the privilege, while the holder may make thousands—or nothing.—New York Mail and Express.

Streets of the French Capital.

The streets of Paris are the best in the world, and its boulevards lined with trees and having sidewalks 20 feet wide run for miles in different directions through the various parts of the city. The pavements of the sidewalks are generally smooth flagstones, and that of the roadway asphalt, wood or stone blocks evenly laid and free from holes. The streets are kept scrupulously clean. They are washed every morning with a hose, and swept so well that one might drop a handkerchief and pick it up without soiling it. The smoothness of the streets takes away the noise found in the chief thoroughfares of New York or London. The 15,000 cars and numberless other vehicles glide silently over the smooth roads, and an ordinary conversational tone can be pleasantly used upon the promenade.—Frank J. Carpenter in Cleveland Leader.

The Sale of Lincoln's Photographs.

The sale of President Lincoln's picture remains steady, and dealers are never without it. It is not a generally known fact, that there is but one negative of President Lincoln in existence. This negative, which was taken by Brady, of Washington, is broken into two parts, the break having occurred just above the shoulder and extending almost perpendicularly, inclining a little to the right, the longer way of the plate. Unless the picture is examined very closely, however, it would not be guessed that it was printed from a broken plate.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Scarf Pins from Lake Starnberg.

Metal covered leaves, set in brooches and made into scarf pins, from the trees and bushes at Lake Starnberg, where mad King Ludwig drowned himself, are now sold in the stores in Munich. An enterprising manufacturer has obtained from the government permission to gather the leaves, and enjoys a monopoly of the manufacture.—Chicago Herald.

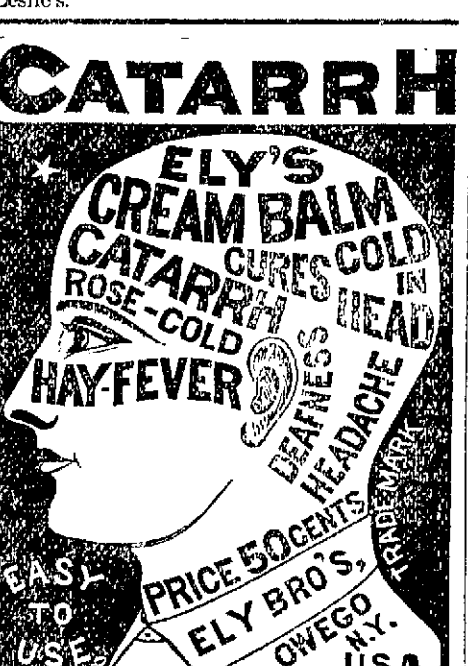
HOW PEMMICAN IS MADE.

Two Ways of Preparing It for Use as Food—"Rub-a-Boo" and "Rousseau."

The meat, cut in long flakes from the warm carcass of the buffalo and dried in the sun, is afterward beaten into shreds by flung upon a floor of buffalo hide on the open prairie. The hide is then sewed into a bag, the meat jammed in, the top sewed up all but one corner, into which more meat is crowded, and then the fat, which has meanwhile been tried, is poured in scalding hot, filling every crevice. A species of cranberry is often added with the meat. The whole forms a bolster shaped bag, as solid and as heavy as stone, and in this condition it remains, perhaps for years, until eaten. Each bag weighs from 100 to 120 pounds. One who has tried it will not wonder that it was once used in the turnouts of the contests between the Northwest and Hudson Bay companies to form a redoubt, armed with two swivel guns.

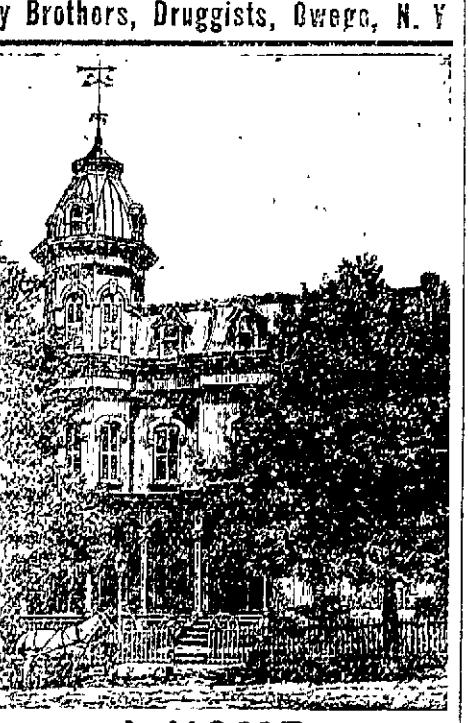
There are two ways of preparing this one called "rub-a-boo," when it is boiled in a great deal of water, and makes a soupy, other more, favorite dish is "rousseau," when it is thrown into a frying pan, freed in its own fat, with the addition, perhaps, of a little salt pork, and mixed with a small amount of flour or broken biscuit. But sometimes, when philosophers are hard put to it, and forced to take their meal in the canoe, the pemmican is eaten raw; chopped out of the bag with a hatchet, and accompanied simply by the biscuit, which has received the sobriquet of "Red river granite." These wonderful objects, as large as sea biscuits, are at least three-quarters of an inch in thickness, and against them the naturalist's geological hammer is always brought into requisition.

But the "unfiled dish," as Rousseau is termed, by comparison with the others palatable, though it is even then impossible to so disguise it as to avoid the suggestion of tallow candles; and this and the leathery, or Indian rubber, structure of the meat are its chief disqualifications. But even Rousseau may lose its charms when taken as a steady diet three times a day for weeks, especially when it is served in a frying pan, and, breakfast or dinner over, one sees the remnants with the beef or pork all husled together in the boiling kettle; the biscuit, broken bannocks and unwholesome cups placed in the bread bag; the plates, knives and forks tossed into the wastebasket, and all combined in the simple folds of an old bit of gummy cloth, which has served duty at once as dishcloth and tablecloth, thrown into the canoe to rest until the next meal, when at last Billy finds time to wash the dishes—the tablecloth never.—Frank Leslie.



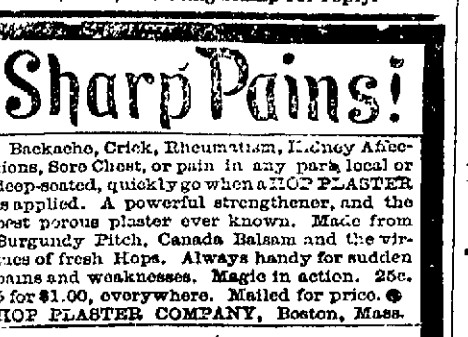
ELLY'S CREAM BALM.

Cream Balm is not a liquid, snuff or powder. No injurious drugs. No offensive odor. Applied to each nostril is quickly absorbed. A Quick Relief. A Positive Cure. "Went to Druggists," by mail, registered, Agents. Send for Circular and Testimonials. Ely Brothers, Druggists, Owego, N. Y.



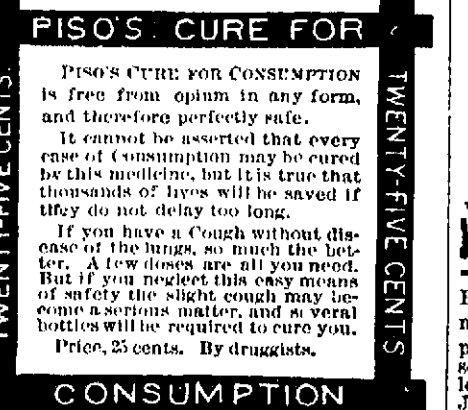
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For the treatment of CANCER, FEMALE DISEASES, CONSUMPTION, Hemorrhoids, and all Chronic Diseases. The Vapor Bath, Electricity, Compound Trogan, and the most scientific treatment used in making cures. Hemorrhoids are cured by a new and rational method, no cutting or heating, and a cure warranted in every case. Every case of Cancer we have taken has remained cured. The Institute gives the comforts of a home life, and is most pleasantly situated within five minutes walk of the depot. For particulars address H. C. ROYER, M. D., Massillon, Ohio, enclosing stamp for reply.



Sharp Pains!

Backache, Crick, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Abdominal, Sore Throat, or pain in any part local or deep-seated, quickly go to HOP PLASTER. A powerful strengthener, and the best porous plaster ever known. Made from Burgundy Pitch, Canada Balsam and the virtues of fresh Hops. Always handy for sudden pains and weaknesses. Magic in action. 25c. 5 for \$1.00, everywhere. Mailed for price. HOP PLASTER COMPANY, Boston, Mass.



PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION.

Horse Shoing Shop



THE UNDERSIGNED begs to call the attention of all persons desiring extra work done in the way of horse shoeing, a branch of mechanism to which he has devoted nearly twenty years exclusively. He makes

Horse Shoes of Every Variety

Required by Diseased Feet. Hooves with Corns, Gravel, Quarter Cracks, Thrush, Flat or Contracted Feet, will receive

Special Attention.

Also Over Reaching, Interfering, Stumbling, Knee Caring, and everything requiring

Bare and Skill in Shoeing

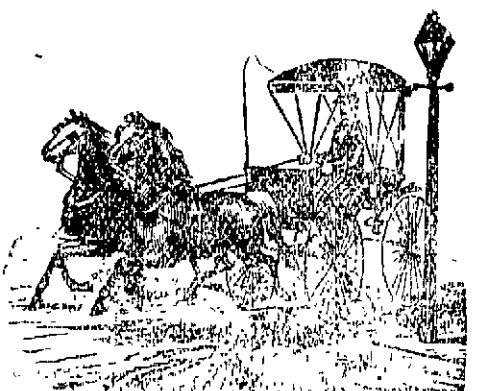
will receive careful and prompt attention.

Trotting and Team Horses

will be shod in the best manner, and satisfaction guaranteed in all instances. Shop East side of Factory street, between Main and Charles streets, near the city buildings.

A. D. Volkmer.

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Cheapest and Best Turnouts in the City.

Horses in Good Order and all Good Roadsters. Fine Buggies, Buggy Rides, Riggs delivered to all parts of the city at all hours.

A TRIAL ALWAYS SATISFIES.

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\$2 PER TON.

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will deliver the Best Quality of Coal until further notice, at the very low price of \$2.00 per ton.

SIPPO COAL CO.

September 15, 1886.

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West Main Street,

A. J. RICHEIMER, PROP'R

The Best of Bread, Fresh Baked Every Day.

Elegant Ice Cream Parlors.

Everything the best. A trial Always Satisfies.

Fresh Bread on sale at Fred Albrecht's Grocery, and delivered to all parts of the city.

GRAEFENBERG PILLS

For Headache, Biliousness, Liver Complaints, Indigestion, Mild but effective. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

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A good school to get a thorough Literary, Normal Business and Musical education. Building 20 minutes drive from Alliance Station, O. Telephone 77. Persons thinking of going away to schools should by all means send for our catalogue. Correspondence solicited. Address, Prof. JOSEPH L. SHUNK, A. M., Secretary, Mt. Union, Stark County, Ohio.

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42-1y

CHAPMAN.

Our Correspondent Pays His Respects to Gillespie.

Thomas Masters made a business trip to Canton last Tuesday.

Our school, after three weeks' vacation has again settled down to their work in earnest.

Mr. William Robinson, of Sherrodsburg, O., made our village a flying trip last Monday.

Mr. John Jacobs, of Massillon, while out here at his farm last Monday, drove into the woods to see the men who are getting out logs for his new barn. His sleigh upset and he was thrown to the ground, dislocating his arm.

Our mines continue to run steadily. The Youngstown Company are fast approaching the works of the old Sprinkle mine. The creek has been secured both inside and out wherever thought necessary. This company, under the able management of Mr. George W. Phillips, deserves great credit for the manner in which they have opened up these old works.

We notice that the miners' secretary, Lewis, had to come down from Krumroy and get his circulars printed at the American office. This is part pay for the political puffs McBride gets from that paper. If there is any one thing that requires the attention of the miners' forthcoming convention it is the abolishing of the one man power among the officers. As it is, Lewis must jump whenever McBride says so, for McBride has the power to remove him at his pleasure.

Gillespie, of the Democrat refers to fellows rooting at the coat tail of the Young Napoleon. Now, we have never had occasion to root at the coat tail of the Young Napoleon or any other person, but how is it with Gillespie? If we were allowed to judge from the appearance of the handle on his face, we would say that he must have done considerable in the art of nosing while rooting at the coat tail of the Young Napoleon about the time he was made postmaster at Alliance.

NAVARRE.

L. Captain, of New Philadelphia, visited here last week.

Miss Sarah Dimius, of Massillon, visited here on Saturday.

Mrs. Wm. Shaeffer, of Medina, is visiting her parents in Navarre.

Mr. Jabez Thomas and wife spent the holidays among West Virginia friends.

Prof. D. D. Inke, of Ligonier, Ind., visited at the home of B. B. Luke Friday last.

John Collier is drilling for coal north of town. He says prospects are very good.

Rev. Lemasters, of the U. B. Church will begin a series of meetings here on February 1st.

James Siffert and sister, Miss Ada, of Newcomerstown, spent the holidays with relatives in Navarre.

George H. Cross, our West End dry goods merchant, had a slight attack of hemorrhage of the lungs.

The M. E. Sunday school received a fine treat on Sunday last in the shape of half a pound of candy to each scholar.

It gives us pleasure to announce that the drama on last Saturday evening was a grand success. A house of about three hundred and fifty went away declaring that they had received the worth of their money. Many were the compliments passed upon the young amateurs, who, in turn, heartily thank all for such encouraging words. They have been asked to repeat it, which may be done some time in the spring. Among the Massillon parties who were down we mention Miss Maggie Perry and sister and Frank Hemperly. The net proceeds amounted to over \$20.

DALTON.

C. A. Larimer, of Ontario, O., visited friends here a few days.

The weather is not so frigid to-day as it has been the past week.

Allen Bevard and wife left for their home in Auburn Ind. last Friday.

A. A. Buchanan is happy now. Its a girl. Archie has furnished the cigars.

Mr. Alvin Good and his cousin, Miss Good, of Sterling, visited here the past week.

Charlie Fletcher, who has been working in Springfield, O., the past summer is now home on a visit.

Henry Erhard comes to us and says that he has a bouncing boy which came on New Years to stay.

During the holidays quite a large number of people took advantage of cheap railroad rates and visited their friends abroad.

Mr. Hiram C. Greve will retire from the Excelsior cigar factory of this place. He has been engaged in a cigar factory at Dayton, O., as foreman of the factory. Mr. Adam Hambluf has purchased his interest here in the factory and will take charge immediately. Mr. Greve has been on the sick list the past week.

On last Sunday Mr. John Erwin received the sad news of the death of his brother, David Erwin of Holden, Mo., Mr. Erwin and Mrs. Thomas Cully, the only daughter of the deceased, left here on Monday morning

for Holden. The deceased is well known in this community, having been a resident of this county for a great many years. He emigrated to Holden a few years ago where he has since made his home.

ELTON.

Praise meeting at the McFarren church Sunday evening.

Enoch Jordan's have taken an English lassie to care for as their own.

Horace Beals and wife were circulating among their friends last week.

Clarence Stansbury is spending the week with relatives at Canal Dover.

A pleasant family party at Sam McFarren's ushered in the new year happily.

Mrs. Daniel Daughman spent the New with her mother and son, near Doylestown.

Miss Eliza Straus, of West Salem, has been the guest of Mr. Samuel Bangham for several days.

A CORRESPONDENT

Who is Heartily in Favor of Public Libraries in General

And the Establishment of One in Massillon in Particular.

MR. EDITOR:—After reading the article in your last issue over the signature of "One of the People," where he informs us that for the "common people" public libraries are about played out, I pause, am shocked; I am fairly stunned. I have the honor of being one of the "common people," and for years have keenly felt the want of books. I was not able to buy, have often felt the need of a public library, and now, just as an effort is about to be made to secure one, the gentleman pops up and says, "common people" don't need libraries. They cost too much money. I hope he will not make an onslaught on our public schools; they cost a good deal too. School buildings, teachers' salaries, etc.—just to think what they cost!

In Africa land is fertile and cheap. The people there are not bothered with public library projects, nor the expense of public schools: what a paradise that country should be for "One of the People." But this is what he says: "What benefit can be derived from a library to warrant the proposed expenditure? The time was when public libraries were useful to the common people, but that day has passed, except at points where scientific education prevails."

We "common people" do most earnestly hope this positive statement will not settle it. We are free to admit that there are some sensible people, in general way, who, from a deficiency in their early education, from their personal surroundings or bent of mind, could never be brought to see the benefits to be derived from a public library. Even at this late day there are some who are unwilling to give their children a schooling lest that may make rascals of them.

Of course, we do not suppose that the establishment of a public library in our midst will make a radical improvement on the public mind in a day or a year, but that it will ultimately work its way and diffuse its heaven, so that whoever will note the standard of public sentiment the day it is opened, and again five or ten years later, will observe a marked improvement.

A wise man has said: "I find the great thing in this world is not so much where we stand as in what direction we are moving."

As he says, "there was a time when public libraries were useful to the common people, but that day has passed," will he kindly inform us at what period their usefulness ceased? But a few hundred years ago there was a period of several hundred years' duration called the Dark Ages. Learning had nearly died out among all classes; abject ignorance prevailed; most of the nobility could not even write their own names, though they had high-sounding titles and lived in big castles; the "common people" in those days were known as vassals, serfs, and the like; serfs of the soil, living in ignorance and hopeless poverty, then labors, their military services and their very lives were at the call of their baronial masters, counts, dukes, and noble lords. But the printing press was invented, books were made, the schoolmaster arose in the land, day dawned upon the night of humanity, and from that day to this the condition of the "common people" has been an improving one. Have we reached the very apex of improvement? Does the gentleman want us to relapse into a state of medieval darkness and servility? It is true that barons, counts, dukes, etc., are growing to be things of the past, but millionaires and political bosses are coming to the front. Does "One of the People" want to have us "common people" become food for them to fatten upon? An enlightened people will know their rights, and how to maintain them; an ignorant people, never.

He tells us that we "common people" will read the current literature of the day in the place of standard works of which libraries are largely composed. Of course, if we are denied access to historical works, biographies, travels, scientific works, and such standard books as we wish to find in libraries, we will have to fall back upon the "current literature of the day," which is within the reach of all. "The current literature of the day" and what is it? Accounts of wife beatings, wife murders, divorce suits, scandal cases, robberies, murders, prize fights, dog fights, and even cock fights, the disgusting squabbles of political bosses over political spoils; then we have the yellow covered stuff "within the reach of all," pretty stories, stories of lovers, of impossible heroes and heroines, stories of pirates, of robbers, of detectives, Nerve Kidder, Bowery Blood, James Brothers, and the like. And so,

public libraries being played out, this is the mental pabulum he proposes for us "common people."

But he makes one generous exception in favor of libraries, and that is "at points where scientific education prevails." Now, the word science means knowledge, or a knowledge of facts; in a broader sense, a general knowledge of facts, so that inferences can be drawn, conclusions arrived at; all science is based on facts, and without the facts there can be no scientific knowledge. But scientific education does prevail in Massillon. We have excellent schools where not only the ordinary branches of science are taught, but some of the higher branches. Then again, the successful carrying on of the business of the various works of Massillon is dependent on a knowledge of facts, facts that are being closely observed and reduced to a perfect science (if possible) and it is not likely there is a shop or works of any kind in Massillon but that there is a process of scientific education going on from day to day. But all these our friend either overlooks or chooses to ignore, and as he tells us "the time was when public libraries were useful to the common people, but that time has passed," we conclude that in his opinion we "common people" of Massillon are either on the top round of the ladder of learning, brimful of knowledge, with enough to last him can take a rest, or that we are "common people" fitted only to be turned over to the highly educational influences of the "current literature of the day," and finally to drift back into the rut of our ancestors, to be serfs and vassals—vassals to no lord, the millionaire and the political boss.

ONE OF THE COMMON PEOPLE.

The Library Question Again.

In last week's issue of the INDEPENDENT somebody asks "what great benefit is to be derived from a library to warrant the proposed expenditure?" and is disposed to be sarcastic when he admits that the library edifice would be an ornament to our already beautiful park. Beauty may be a future possibility of that piece of ground called a park, but certainly not a present reality. The erection, however, of a fine building thereon, and the improvement of the remaining portion of ground, would go a long way towards making it a place in which the citizens might take just pride. But to the question, "what benefit is to be derived from a library?" The object is, as stated, to elevate the standard of intelligence of the general public, to cultivate in the citizens a desire to read and learn; to give an attractive place to go and look over the magazines and newspapers of the day; to find books of reference which many wish time and again to consult, but cannot afford to own; a room in which to find the fictional and popular literature, which one often wishes to read but does not care to buy.

There are not half a dozen persons in the city who possess a library of more than a thousand volumes, although it is true that books have never been afforded so cheaply as now, yet a collection of valuable books costs a considerable sum of money, and only a few of those even of a literary turn of mind can buy the books they wish to use, to say nothing of magazines. One does not wish to subscribe for a dozen or more periodicals, and yet would be very glad to look over an article or so in several magazines to which he could not otherwise have access. The library rooms, pleasantly and comfortably furnished, with shelves filled with books, and tables loaded with papers and periodicals, would extend a cordial invitation to all, and would be gratefully accepted by many more than those who belong strictly to the literary class. And again, for what purpose do we send our children to school? First of all, to learn to read, that they may possess themselves of a knowledge of what has happened in the world in past times, and keep informed of what is going on in the present. All are better prepared to be useful members of society if the habit of thoughtful reading is cultivated; this habit strengthens and broadens the mind; by it the girl and the boy expand into better citizens.

"Good books," says Horace Mann, "are to the young mind what the warming sun and refreshing rain of spring are to the seeds which have lain dormant during the frosts of winter," and very true it is that "the writings of the wise are the only riches our posterity cannot squander."

With the invention of printing the deadly grasp of priest-craft was loosened, and rays of light began to illumine the dark ages; these rays with increased intensity and brilliancy have come down to our time, and we may say with more truth than we know, "blessed be the man who invented books." It is impossible to tell in what depths of degradation we should be without them.

The opposition says "the time was when public libraries were useful to the common people, but that day has passed." When was it? and why isn't it now? Why should not the youth of the present time have the same advantage in the free access to books as those of some time past?

There is no apparent reason why if public libraries were ever useful they are not useful now. The mind must be supplied with food this decade as during the one preceding, and as good a quality should be served as we can afford. In meeting this need a library will greatly assist. If any one can place before the consideration of the people good reasons why they should not work for a library, now is the time to do it. But to say there are reasons, and then not present them, and to suggest that far better ways exist of spending the money for the public than the way now proposed, and then not tell what they are, does not impress one with the soundness of logically drawn conclusions.

I have never heard of a town that possessed a public library speak of it except as a source of pleasure and profit, and in looking over the advantages of this kind of town an institution of this kind never falls of favorable mention. When we are fortunate enough to own a library, its attractions will be so evident that even objectors will hark in its glorious warmth, and be compelled to admit that it is a very good thing after all.

Greater bargains than ever at Watkins' clearance sale.

No Cheap Telephones Before 1900.

It will be a long time before telephoning becomes cheap. Bell's first patent, the one upon which all the others are founded, is dated March 7, 1876. Patents are seventeen years in duration, and this first patent will thus run out in 1893. But there are other patents of more recent date upon the parts essential to the operation of the instruments. For instance, the Blake transmitter was not patented until 1881, and it is so broad that it may be said to cover almost any transmitter which might be constructed. This will practically secure the monopoly until 1898. Then there have been many other patents of date up to a very recent time, which, while not absolutely essential to telephoning, would defeat competition, even if every patent on essential parts were out of the way. Thus the Bell company controls patents upon switchboards and other apparatus used in making connections, which would put competition by those who have not the right to use them at a great disadvantage. The nineteenth century will see no change from the present conditions, and it is impossible to foresee what other improvements will be patented which will in the future be considered necessities.—St. Louis Republican.

How Dr. Holmes Lost \$100.

The artful manner in which the genial Oliver Wendell Holmes avoided a newspaper interview on the day of his arrival is an instance of the aversion, with which he regards all newspaper reporters. Perhaps this is not unusual when viewed in the light of the following little circumstance: At some noted gathering Dr. Holmes read an original poem which had never been given to public print. An expert shorthand man was present at the meeting in the employ of a Boston morning daily. Everything was taken down, including the poem, and appeared in the next morning's issue. The skillful stenographer a day or two after received a somewhat curt letter from Dr. Holmes, in which the author remarked that, while he commended the reporter's zeal, he did not thank him for publishing the poem, as he had been offered \$100 for it by The Atlantic Monthly.—Boston Courier.

Origin of "New Jersey."

When King Charles Stewart gave New Jersey to Lord Berkeley and Sir George Carteret the gift was intended mainly as a reward to the latter, who, while governor of the island of Jersey, had defended it valiantly against the parliament soldiers. Consequently the territory was named by the donors "Nova Cesarea," or New Jersey. The word Jersey is a corruption of "Cesar's-eye" or "Cesar's-seat," meaning the island of Cesar. It was intended that "Nova Cesarea" should be properly the title, but as the population of the province increased, the people preferred its translated name rather than the classical appellation.—Chicago Herald.

Sixteen Gestures to the Minute.

While Lord Randolph Churchill was giving utterance to an eight-minute speech in the British house of commons the other day he made no fewer than 150 emphatic gestures.

Collision on the Boston & Albany Road. SPRINGFIELD, Mass., Jan. 5.—The Madsen passenger train from Albany on the Boston & Albany road, due here about 5 o'clock this morning, was badly wrecked at West Springfield. Two persons were killed and several injured. One passenger car and one sleeping car were totally ruined.

FINANCE AND COMMERCE.

Quotations of the Money, Stock, Produce, and Cattle Markets for January 5.

New York—Money 5 1/2 per cent. Exchange quiet. Government bonds steady. Currency notes, 125 bid; four-coupon, 104 1/2; four-a-half, 110 bid. The grain market opened weak at 10 1/2 per cent, decline, but after the first few transactions on corn, by the shorts prices took an upward turn, and by 11 o'clock, the decline had not only been recovered, but an advance of 1/2 to 3/4 per cent. was established. About 11 o'clock a rumor spread that the price of the December 1, 1900, in the earnings of the road for September set prices down again 1/2 to 1 per cent. by mid-day. Since then the market has been firm. Bur. & Quincy 1-7/8; Mich. Cent. 1-9/16; Canadian Pacific 1-1/2; N. Y. Central 1-1/8; Gen. Pac. 1-1/8; Southern Ry. 1-1/8; C. C. & I. 1-1/8; Northern Pac. 1-1/8; Del. & Hudson 1-1/8; do preferred 5/8; Del. Lack. & W. 1-1/8; Ohio & Ill. 1-1/8; Del. & Va. 1-1/8; Pacific Coast 1-1/8; Erie second 1-1/8; Reading 1-1/8; Ill. & Cent. 1-1/8; Rock Island 1-1/8; J. & C. 1-1/8; St. Paul 1-1/8; Kansas & Texas 1-1/8; do preferred 1-1/8; Lake Shore 1-1/8; Union Pac. 1-1/8; Louisville & Nash 1-1/8; Western Union 1-1/8.

Cincinnati. FLOUR—Fancy, \$3.75 to \$4.10; family, \$3.35 to \$3.65. MEAT—No. 1 red, 70¢ to 80¢; No. 2, 60¢ to 70¢. CORN—No. 1 mixed, 45¢; No. 2 mixed, 40¢. OATS—No. 1 mixed, 30¢ to 35¢; No. 2 mixed, 25¢ to 30¢. BUTTER—No. 1 white, 18¢ to 20¢; No. 2 white, 15¢ to 18¢. EGGS—No. 1, 12¢ to 14¢; No. 2, 10¢ to 12¢. LARD—Kettle, 14¢ to 16¢. Bacon—Short cut sides, 7¢ to 8¢. CHICKENS—Prime to choice Ohio, 11¢ to 12¢; New York, 12¢ to 13¢. POULTRY—Spring chickens, \$1.50 to \$1.75; prime to choice, \$2.00 to \$2.50; common to fair, \$1.25 to \$1.50; per dozen; ducks, \$2.00 to \$3.00; live turkeys, \$3.00 to \$4.00. WOOL—Unwashed medium clothing, 25¢ to 30¢; the merino, 30¢ to 35¢; common, 15¢ to 20¢; necessary to wash, 30¢ to 35¢; do, 20¢ to 25¢; the merino X and XX, 25¢ to 30¢; but, 20¢ to 25¢; tub washed, 30¢ to 35¢; pulled, 25¢ to 30¢. HAY—No. 1 timothy, \$11.00 to \$11.50; No. 2, \$10.00 to \$10.50; mixed, \$9.00 to \$9.50; prairie, \$7.00 to \$7.50; wheat, oats and rye straw, \$5.00 to \$5.50. CATTLE—Good to choice butchers, \$3.75 to \$4.50; fair, \$2.50 to \$3.00; common, \$2.00 to \$2.50; stockers and feeders, \$2.25 to \$3.50; yearlings and calves, \$2.00 to \$2.50. HOGS—Select butchers, \$4.75 to \$4.85; fair to good, \$4.35 to \$4.50; common, \$3.75 to \$4.00; do, \$3.50 to \$3.75; do, \$3.25 to \$3.50. SHEEP—No. 1, 4.50 to 5.00 per 100 lbs live weight. COTTON—Quiet; Middling uplands, 9.90 to 10.00; Orleans, 9.75; January, 9.50; February, 9.00; March, 8.75; April, 8.50; May, 8.25; June, 10.00; July, 10.10; August, 10.10.

New York. WHEAT—No. 1 red state, 60¢ to 65¢; No. 2 red winter, 55¢ to 60¢; No. 3, 50¢ to 55¢; No. 4, 45¢ to 50¢; No. 5, 40¢ to 45¢; No. 6, 35¢ to 40¢; No. 7, 30¢ to 35¢; No. 8, 25¢ to 30¢; No. 9, 20¢ to 25¢; No. 10, 15¢ to 20¢; No. 11, 10¢ to 15¢; No. 12, 5¢ to 10¢. CORN—Mixed, cash, 47¢ to 48¢; January, 47¢ to 48¢; No. 1 white state, 41¢ to 42¢; No. 2, 40¢ to 41¢; No. 3, 39¢ to 40¢; No. 4, 38¢ to 39¢; No. 5, 37¢ to 38¢; No. 6, 36¢ to 37¢; No. 7, 35¢ to 36¢; No. 8, 34¢ to 35¢; No. 9, 33¢ to 34¢; No. 10, 32¢ to 33¢; No. 11, 31¢ to 32¢; No. 12, 30¢ to 31¢. OATS—No. 1 white, 30¢ to 31¢; No. 2, 29¢ to 30¢; No. 3, 28¢ to 29¢; No. 4, 27¢ to 28¢; No. 5, 26¢ to 27¢; No. 6, 25¢ to 26¢; No. 7, 24¢ to 25¢; No. 8, 23¢ to 24¢; No. 9, 22¢ to 23¢; No. 10, 21¢ to 22¢; No. 11, 20¢ to 21¢; No. 12, 19¢ to 20¢. RYE—No. 1, 45¢ to 46¢; No. 2, 44¢ to 45¢; No. 3, 43¢ to 44¢; No. 4, 42¢ to 43¢; No. 5, 41¢ to 42¢; No. 6, 40¢ to 41¢; No. 7, 39¢ to 40¢; No. 8, 38¢ to 39¢; No. 9, 37¢ to 38¢; No. 10, 36¢ to 37¢; No. 11, 35¢ to 36¢; No. 12, 34¢ to 35¢. BARLEY—No. 1, 35¢ to 36¢; No. 2, 34¢ to 35¢; No. 3, 33¢ to 34¢; No. 4, 32¢ to 33¢; No. 5, 31¢ to 32¢; No. 6, 30¢ to 31¢; No. 7, 29¢ to 30¢; No. 8, 28¢ to 29¢; No. 9, 27¢ to 28¢; No. 10, 26¢ to 27¢; No. 11, 25¢ to 26¢; No. 12, 24¢ to 25¢. POTATOES—No. 1, 1.00 to 1.10; No. 2, .90 to 1.00; No. 3, .80 to .90; No. 4, .70 to .80; No. 5, .60 to .70; No. 6, .50 to .60; No. 7, .40 to .50; No. 8, .30 to .40; No. 9, .20 to .30; No. 10, .10 to .20. BUTTER—No. 1, 15¢ to 16¢; No. 2, 14¢ to 15¢; No. 3, 13¢ to 14¢; No. 4, 12¢ to 13¢; No. 5, 11¢ to 12¢; No. 6, 10¢ to 11¢; No. 7, 9¢ to 10¢; No. 8, 8¢ to 9¢; No. 9, 7¢ to 8¢; No. 10, 6¢ to 7¢; No. 11, 5¢ to 6¢; No. 12, 4¢ to 5¢. EGGS—No. 1, 12¢ to 14¢; No. 2, 10¢ to 12¢; No. 3, 8¢ to 10¢; No. 4, 6¢ to 8¢; No. 5, 4¢ to 6¢; No. 6, 3¢ to 4¢; No. 7, 2¢ to 3¢; No. 8, 1¢ to 2¢; No. 9, 0¢ to 1¢; No. 10, 0¢ to 1¢; No. 11, 0¢ to 1¢; No. 12, 0¢ to 1¢. CHICKENS—No. 1, 1.00 to 1.10; No. 2, .90 to 1.00; No. 3, .80 to .90; No. 4, .70 to .80; No. 5, .60 to .70; No. 6, .50 to .60; No. 7, .40 to .50; No. 8, .30 to .40; No. 9, .20 to .30; No. 10, .10 to .20; No. 11, 0¢ to .10; No. 12, 0¢ to .10. DUCKS—No. 1, 1.00 to 1.10; No. 2, .90 to 1.00; No. 3, .80 to .90; No. 4, .70 to .80; No. 5, .60 to .70; No. 6, .50 to .60; No. 7, .40 to .50; No. 8, .30 to .40; No. 9, .20 to .30; No. 10, .10 to .20; No. 11, 0¢ to .10; No. 12, 0¢ to .10. TURKEYS—No. 1, 1.00 to 1.10; No. 2, .90 to 1.00; No. 3, .80 to .90; No. 4, .70 to .80; No. 5, .60 to .70; No. 6, .50 to .60; No. 7, .40 to .50; No. 8, .30 to .40; No. 9, .20 to .30; No. 10, .10 to .20; No. 11, 0¢ to .10; No. 12, 0¢ to .10.

Pittsburgh. CATTLE—Show: prime, \$4.75 to \$5.00; fair to good, \$4.25 to \$4.50; common \$3.50 to \$3.75; receipts, 1500 shipments, 200. HOGS—Show: prime, \$4.75 to \$5.00; fair to good, \$4.25 to \$4.50; common \$3.50 to \$3.75; receipts, 1500 shipments, 200. SHEEP—Show: prime, \$4.75 to \$5.00; fair to good, \$4.25 to \$4.50; common \$3.50 to \$3.75; receipts, 1500 shipments, 200. POTATOES—No. 1, 1.00 to 1.10; No. 2, .90 to 1.00; No. 3, .80 to .90; No. 4, .70 to .80; No. 5, .60 to .70; No. 6, .50 to .60; No. 7, .40 to .50; No. 8, .30 to .40; No. 9, .20 to .30; No. 10, .10 to .20; No. 11, 0¢ to .10; No. 12, 0¢ to .10. BUTTER—No. 1, 15¢ to 16¢; No. 2, 14¢ to 15¢; No. 3, 13¢ to 14¢; No. 4, 12¢ to 13¢; No. 5, 11¢ to 12¢; No. 6, 10¢ to 11¢; No. 7, 9¢ to 10¢; No. 8, 8¢ to 9¢; No. 9, 7¢ to 8¢; No. 10, 6¢ to 7¢; No. 11, 5¢ to 6¢; No. 12, 4¢ to 5¢. EGGS—No. 1, 12¢ to 14¢; No. 2, 10¢ to 12¢; No. 3, 8¢ to 10¢; No. 4, 6¢ to 8¢; No. 5, 4¢ to 6¢; No. 6, 3¢ to 4¢; No. 7, 2¢ to 3¢; No. 8, 1¢ to 2¢; No. 9, 0¢ to 1¢; No. 10, 0¢ to 1¢; No. 11, 0¢ to 1¢; No. 12, 0¢ to 1¢. CHICKENS—No. 1, 1.00 to 1.10; No. 2, .90 to 1.00; No. 3, .80 to .90; No. 4, .70 to .80; No. 5, .60 to .70; No. 6, .50 to .60; No. 7, .40 to .50; No. 8, .30 to .40; No. 9, .20 to .30; No. 10, .10 to .20; No. 11, 0¢ to .10; No. 12, 0¢ to .10. DUCKS—No. 1, 1.00 to 1.10; No. 2, .90 to 1.00; No. 3, .80 to .90; No. 4, .70 to .80; No. 5, .60 to .70; No. 6, .50 to .60; No. 7, .40 to .50; No. 8, .30 to .40; No. 9, .20 to .30; No. 10, .10 to .20; No. 11, 0¢ to .10; No. 12, 0¢ to .10. TURKEYS—No. 1, 1.00 to 1.10; No. 2, .90 to 1.00; No. 3, .80 to .90; No. 4, .70 to .80; No. 5, .60 to .70; No. 6, .50 to .60; No. 7, .40 to .50; No. 8, .30 to .40; No. 9, .20 to .30; No. 10, .10 to .20; No. 11, 0¢ to .10; No. 12, 0¢ to .10.

Chicago. CATTLE—Choice to extra shipping, \$3.40 to \$3.60; common to fair, \$1.60 to \$2.50; stockers and feeders, \$2.25 to \$3.75; Texans, corn-fed, \$2.00 to \$2.25. HOGS—Fair to good, \$3.50 to \$4.00; mixed packing, \$3.00 to \$3.50; choice heavy, \$4.00 to \$4.50. SHEEP—Common, \$2.25 to \$2.50; lambs, \$4.00 to \$4.25. BUTTER—No. 1, 15¢ to 16¢; No. 2, 14¢ to 15¢; No. 3, 13¢ to 14¢; No. 4, 12¢ to 13¢; No. 5, 11¢ to 12¢; No. 6, 10¢ to 11¢; No. 7, 9¢ to 10¢; No. 8, 8¢ to 9¢; No. 9, 7¢ to 8¢; No. 10, 6¢ to 7¢; No. 11, 5¢ to 6¢; No. 12, 4¢ to 5¢. EGGS—No. 1, 12¢ to 14¢; No. 2, 10¢ to 12¢; No. 3, 8¢ to 10¢; No. 4, 6¢ to 8¢; No. 5, 4¢ to 6¢; No. 6, 3¢ to 4¢; No. 7, 2¢ to 3¢; No. 8, 1¢ to 2¢; No. 9, 0¢ to 1¢; No. 10, 0¢ to 1¢; No. 11, 0¢ to 1¢; No. 12, 0¢ to 1¢. CHICKENS—No. 1, 1.00 to 1.10; No. 2, .90 to 1.00; No. 3, .80 to .90; No. 4, .70 to .80; No. 5, .60 to .70; No. 6, .50 to .60; No. 7, .40 to .50; No. 8, .30 to .40; No. 9, .20 to .30; No. 10, .10 to .20; No. 11, 0¢ to .10; No. 12, 0¢ to .10. DUCKS—No. 1, 1.00 to 1.10; No. 2, .90 to 1.00; No. 3, .80 to .90; No. 4, .70 to .80; No. 5, .60 to .70; No. 6, .50 to .60; No. 7, .40 to .50; No. 8, .30 to .40; No. 9, .20 to .30; No. 10, .10 to .20; No. 11, 0¢ to .10; No. 12, 0¢ to .10. TURKEYS—No. 1, 1.00 to 1.10; No. 2, .90 to 1.00; No. 3, .80 to .90; No. 4, .70 to .80; No. 5, .60 to .70; No. 6, .50 to .60; No. 7, .40